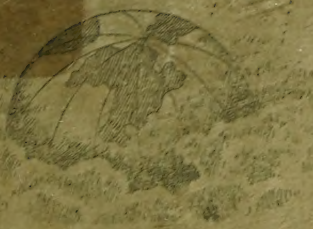
The King's Message



By

Ray Bridwell White.

G.M. Elliott Library
Cincinnati Bible College & Seminary
2700 Glenway Avenue
P.O. Box 04320
Cincinnati, Ohio 45204-3200

Western Hills Church of Christ
5564 SIDNEY ROAD AT COVEDALE AVE.
CINCINNATI 38, OHIO

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/kingsmessage0000unse

yours truly,
Ray B. White

The King's Message

A VOLUME OF SERMONS

BY

REV. RAY BRIDWELL WHITE

Associate Publisher of

PILLAR OF FIRE JUNIOR

AND THE METROPOLITAN

G.M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
Cincinnati Bible College & Seminary

PUBLISHED BY THE PENTECOSTAL UNION

[PILLAR OF FIRE]

1845 CHAMPA ST., -::- DENVER, COLO.

252.0994
W587R

Copyright, 1916, by The Pentecostal Union
International Copyright Secured

TO MY MOTHER

WHO HAS SO BROUGHT ME UP
IN THE LOVE OF CHRIST THAT I EARLY
CONSECRATED MY LIFE TO HIS CAUSE

THESE PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

THIS little volume of sermons has been presented to the public not by the will of its author, but by that of his friends. Indeed, the thought of publishing these sermons in book form never occured to his mind by reason of their lack of literary merit. However, the author does not in the least apologize for the burden or message of the sermons, for he feels with Saint Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

The reader will note numerous defects of form and rhetoric in these sermons, many of which were unavoidable owing to the fact that they were poorly taken down when delivered, it being almost impossible to recall the connecting lines of thought once lost. With respect to these faults the author begs his readers to be charitable, for at his best he comes "not with excellency of speech or wisdom declaring * * * the testimony of God."

R. B. W.

INTRODUCTION

THE SERMON should have for its object the bringing of men to their proper relations with God and the great work of the world's redemption. It is of value not in proportion as it meets the demands of certain homiletic rules, but for what it is worth in itself and in proportion as it meets a great spiritual need. The duty of the preacher is first didactic, to give men a knowledge of salvation, to instruct in righteousness, and second, to move them to act up to the light they already have. If a sermon rouses the moral nature and thus sends men and women to the duties of life inspired with a true and holy purpose, it is a good sermon. If it lowers the standard and fails to give the right ring, it is not only a failure, but dangerous.

The messages of this volume are direct, intense, and practical, and mirror the feelings of their author in their composition. They are heart messages and bear the stamp of a yearning desire to help souls out of bondage into liberty.

The author, although quite young, has shown marked ability as a preacher. His cul-

ture of mind and spiritual insight will insure for him a large field of usefulness.

The sermons were first delivered extempore before the teachers and student body at Zarephath, N. J., and are reproduced at the earnest request of many who heard them. Their direct and practical character will convince the reader that their author has an aversion to all formalities and round-about modes of speech. His desire is to be plain-spoken and to come straight to the point, to strike sin and exalt Christ in these times when there is so much vagueness and cant in religion.

"The King's Message" will prove a moral tonic to thousands, bracing the mind and inspiring the heart to hold on to the verities of Christian faith and experience. The author has no sympathy for the modern theories of religion and as a student he has had the reputation of contending against the materialism and dangerous theories that prevail in the schools.

May the Spirit follow these messages to the wider field where they are now sent and multiply their influence manyfold.

REV. C. W. BRIDWELL, M. A.

CONTENTS

	Page
SERMON I	
The Everlasting Gospel	9
SERMON II	
Sin's Decree—Love's Remedy	19
SERMON III	
Following Jesus	28
SERMON IV	
All Things Continue	42
SERMON V	
The Scarlet Cord	53
SERMON VI	
What Is Truth?	61
SERMON VII	
The First Law of God	68
SERMON VIII	
Christ or the World?	75
SERMON IX	
The Proof of Integrity	85

SERMON X
How Beautiful! - - - - - - - - - - 94

SERMON XI
The Lamb of God—The Substitute - 103

SERMON XII
He That Liveth and Was Dead - - 108

SERMON XIII
Christ's Condescension and Service - 115

SERMON XIV
Seeing Jesus - - - - - - - - - - 123

SERMON XV
All Comprehensive—The Gospel - - 132

SERMON XVI
Come and See - - - - - - - - - - 138

SERMON XVII
War, The Scourge of God - - - - - 146

SERMON I

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the EVERLASTING GOSPEL to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters" —Rev. 14:6-7.

HE CHURCH OF JESUS has the Gospel. I thank God that I belong to that Church tonight. The subject of the Gospel of Jesus has become so great to me that I am almost in an ecstasy of wonder. Zeal for it fills me and thrills me. It courses through my whole being, and I am mastered by a growing ambition to preach it. I pray God to hasten the day when the world will see and recognize me as a preacher of the Gospel indeed.

More and more my vision of the Gospel is enlarging. I know that bound up in it is the plan of the ages. In my vision I see a mystic panorama of earth's future so arranged

by Omnipotence as to bring about the fulfilment and purpose of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I see no reason why the doors of our understanding may not be opened so that we may see, as did Daniel in Babylon, and John the Revelator on the isle of Patmos, the majesty and the purport of the Gospel, and be able to think somewhat intelligently upon its overwhelming mysteries.

Men are prone to be commonplace in their views of the Gospel. For this there are many reasons. Unworthy men have hypocritically assumed its ministry and dragged its glorious standard in the dust. The so-called practice of its ministry has, to a great extent, become mere free-booting, in that men involve and ruin the virtues of the Gospel for some personal end, as reputation or salary. To every unhallowed theory on religion and to every damnable heresy, Satan has placed the brand of the Gospel. Bands of impious holiness professors have irreverently mustered under the standard of the Gospel, pretending to practice its doctrines, while in their midst obnoxious sins, yea, even scandal is covered up. Thus, in the eyes of the world, the cause of Christ seems to have lost much of its glory and sublimity. This makes our hearts break, and we cry out, O God, destroy this hypocritical ministry and

these unhallowed holiness professors; consume these damnable heresies, and bring the Gospel before the world in its sacredness and purity. So to present the Gospel is the cause of Christ. Of late the interest of this cause has settled upon me, and a fiery enthusiasm for the work that lies before me has pervaded my whole system. Ofttimes, when kneeling in prayer under this inspiration, I have felt the repeated impulse of my calling, and have sworn my life to it so earnestly that it seems the vaulted skies have echoed in response and all heaven has smiled upon me. In this cause I dare to say, I will be heard. I do not purpose to live in obscurity because of timidity. There arises in me a mountain of fearlessness, and I challenge all the forces of hell's false prophets and the proud, hypocritical, ecclesiastical dignitaries to do battle with God. Though there were drawn up before me tonight all the pinnacles of earth's fallen churches like lances in the phalanx of perdition, I would not fear. God is behind me; it is His cause and His battle.

I have said that the world's future is wrapped up in the Gospel. All things are hung upon it as a pivot. In the Gospel is the plan of redemption and the plan of damnation. It is the savor of life unto life and of death unto death. It is the voice of God calling to a

prodigal world. God says, "If you will come, I will restore you to your former virtue and will establish you in honor; if you will not come, I will destroy you and create out of your ruins another world in holiness and fear toward me." This is what the world is coming to. I have no hopes that it will obey the voice of God. However, there are those who will be saved through the power of the Gospel. As for me, I will be saved through the preaching of it. I feel with St. Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

Now friends, I wish to show how the Gospel of Jesus is suffering. As has been said, men love to attach the name of the Gospel unto everything possible, and to call every good work the cause of Christ. It is everywhere granted that almost any philanthropical or humanitarian interest is the cause of Christ. This is erroneous. Ofttimes men are called to preach the Gospel and they evade the issue by engaging in some reputable, honor-obtaining vocation, such as I have mentioned, and presume to be obeying the call. No man can fully represent the Gospel and have any personal end in view. God wants no half-pledged agents. He will not have those whose end is only in the realization of some carnal ambition, or even the obtaining of bread and butter. If anything other than the welfare of human

souls is in view, such as reputation, or bread and butter, it is the cause of that thing in which men are engaged. Thousands of ministers are making merchandise of the Gospel. The shallowness of their work is everywhere seen. This is an age of artificiality. Men are trying to create apples without apple trees. They are trying to create beautiful red roses without the rose bush. In the same manner they are trying to regenerate man merely by uplifting him morally or educationally. This is sham. Unless men are born again, it makes no real difference how cultured they may become.

A gentleman once said to me, "My boy, it is the system that is wrong; it is not the man. Let us reform the system." I pitied him, in that he could not see that man makes the system. If you wish to reform the system, reform the man. And this can only be done through the Gospel. It alone is the power unto salvation. Thus men, and even noble men, though their record in a worldly sense is brilliant, have thrown their lives away. They have made only beautiful artificialities. Their work has amounted to nothing, since it did not involve the saving of souls. Most people have no idea what it means to work for the eternal benefit of humanity. They have not the least conception even of the consecration it requires

of one's own life and interests to be a true minister of God.

Consider the call of St. Peter. See him as he stands in the presence of Jesus on the shores of Galilee when Jesus turns to him, and pointing to that great heap of fish glittering in the crimson light of dawn, says, "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" Peter answers, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus says, "Feed my lambs." Again He asks, "Peter, lovest thou me?" and Peter answers, "Thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus says, "Feed my sheep." The third time Jesus asks, "Peter, lovest thou me?" and Peter answering says, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus says, "Feed my sheep." This was Peter's call, and it was the call of the other disciples. It is your call, and my call. Peter went forth to feed the Lord's sheep. He fed them the living bread, which is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He had to turn his back, as it were, on those fish, which typified worldly interests. They were henceforth to occupy no place in his mind, or divert his attention from the work to which he had been called.

Peter's zeal for the Gospel of Jesus was so strong that he even felt unworthy to die as did his Master, but would rather undergo crucifixion with his head down. Have you

zeal tonight for the Gospel of Jesus? Are you looking back to that pile of fish? Are you anticipating a time of ease and self-indulgence among your ungodly friends? God help you to see how unworthy you are if you even have a desire to labor for the meat which perisheth. God help the ministers today who are making merchandise of the Gospel for their bread and butter or a little self-aggrandizement. This causes me to quake with indignation. How does it make you feel? O, if I could only stir you so deep that no power under the sun could turn you from the cause of the Gospel! If only all of you were under this inspiration to preach the Gospel, it seems to me that God would be so pleased as to dispatch a visible body of angels down here to aid us. But He sees how uninterested men are, and He will not vindicate His power in behalf of uninterested men. God is calling for men upon whom the burden of the Gospel rests so heavily that they can carry nothing else. I am going to be one of God's men. I do not know but what I shall stand before kings representing the cause of Jesus Christ, but God being my helper, I will stand. I will do the cause justice if I have to wear my knees flat in preparation for it. I would to God that I could stir this body of people, until they would lose sight of everything but this cause. How anybody can turn

his back on the Gospel of Jesus, leave God's Church, or limit his ambition to the satisfaction that comes from being among his friends, whether saints or sinners, I cannot understand! As for me, I am not here because my parents are here; I am not a member of this church because my friends are members of it; I am here because God is here.

God can possess our hearts as He didjthose of the saints of old. Though we are small, He can make us great. But sad to say, God has few great men today. There are no Daniels; there are no Elishas; there are no Peters, and Jameses and Johns. Where are the Wesleys and Martin Luthers? It seems that such men do not exist. There are few real men today in the pulpits. Instead we find artificial men. There are few houses of God. These majestic, high-steepled cathedrals that you see are not houses of prayer; they are, many of them, rendezvous of devils. They are created for display and are attended for display. The latest fashions find their introduction in modern churches. Scheming business men by attending the churches perform under cloaks of piety their intriguing devices.

Can you not see that the cause of Christ is at stake? Ever since I was a little child have I seen this, and have felt the desire to preach the Gospel so strong that time after time I have

cried because I was too young. I remember when in Wales at the age of twelve, God appeared to me in my spiritual vision as I knelt in prayer in my room, and said, "Hold on, son, and one of these days you will preach in Wales." I rolled on the bed and cried for God to help me to hold out till I got the chance. Not only Wales, but all England will hear my voice, God being my helper. Satan's men are being heard everywhere. I do not intend that he will get all the men. I may be only a voice, but that is all that John the Baptist was. I am not concerned whether my name goes down in history or not. I know it is going down in heaven as a defender of the faith, and it will also be written on the charred walls of hell as an enemy of sin. I am going to fight sin, if I am alone on the field. I will fight it with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the word of God, and the word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword. It is a very effective weapon. I am not going to lay down the Gospel a year from now, five years from now, twenty years from now, no, not so long as I live! Never will I turn my back on the Gospel of Jesus Christ! You can heap before me your gold and silver and attempt bribery if you will, but God Almighty is all that I want. With Him I am content. With Him I fear nothing. I fear neither men

nor devils tonight. With boldness would I stand before the world's proudest men and present my cause. It would be only too gratifying if I had the opportunity to face the Doctors of Divinity, so-called. I believe I could tell them a little about God.

But, withal, my friends, I realize that I will have to face awful opposition. It may not be flesh and blood. We contend against principalities and powers, and the mighty forces of hell. Today while meditating upon the preaching of the Gospel, the legions of damnation surged in black battalions against my soul. But if it requires a constant battle of this kind throughout life I will fight it for the sake of the Gospel. I know that one day I shall say with St. Paul; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept and defended the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. In reward for this I shall receive a crown of life.

SERMON II

SIN'S DECREE—LOVE'S REMEDY

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" —John 3:16.

HAT was it that put this world wrong? SIN. Where did it come from? We do not know its exact origin. We have record that it existed in Lucifer before the dawn of history, but we are concerned only with our own era, and we need not ask where Lucifer got his sin. Our era began when man appeared in the Garden; our interest in sin dates from the time he fell a victim to it.

We are not to question either the wisdom or the goodness of God in permitting the advent of sin into the world. Our questioning is in vain and will profit nothing. The present sinful state of humanity inexorably exists. Our duty is to acknowledge it—to acknowledge it, but not to succumb to it.

With the acknowledgement that sin exists, let us see what it has done for the world. Like the incurable sting of an asp, sin doomed

the world to final death. When sin entered the world, it sealed it to inevitable ruin. As leprosy appears on the cheek of a beloved member of a household, and sets him outside the walls as an accursed being, so sin cursed this world, and made it an outcast of the universe.

The skeleton of a bison was recently found on the plains, and deeply imbedded in the shoulder blade was the point of an arrow. At one time a great, proud bison roamed the plains in the beauty of his strength, but "twang," and a fatal arrow from some Indian's bow lodged in his shoulder. The bison probably charged on, but sooner or later he began to reel, and finally sank down to a pitiful and premature death. So the world was mortally struck with the arrow of sin. As a consequence, its whole destiny has been changed. It is reeling and staggering now towards its doom.

Sin side-tracked the world from its gallant course toward the heavenly portals and God, and sent it whirling through darkness and gloom to death and hell.

To be specific, what did it do for man? It has certainly altered his career. Sin decreed many unpleasant things for man, and doomed him to awful sorrow and death. He who should have lived forever and increased

in perfection and beauty, now lives a miserable life of forty years. He is doomed to ruination physically, morally and intellectually; and finally to die an ignominious death.

Let us look back on the scene of sin's initiation. There in the Garden, two human beings lived together in innocence and beauty. When sin came, the loathful sense of guilt and shame came,—and Adam and Eve hid from God. A little later,—ah how terrible the scene!—out on the cold, black ground, for the first time, poured the rich, warm blood of a human being. There beside the dead body of his brother stood Cain, a murderer, his countenance blackened, his eyes hardened, his hands steeped in blood.

Thus sin decreed that men should kill one another, and oh what they have since brought upon themselves! What vicissitudes our race has survived! Why reiterate them? Why look back over the gloomy land-marks of history? Why retrace our miserable trail? But reflect we must; revel in the gory slime of history we will; we cannot help it.

As a fugitive and a vagabond from before the face of God Cain went, after committing his murderous deed. As fugitives and vagabonds his descendants have perpetuated history. We see them, after having attempted in unison and harmony to build the tower of Babel,

suddenly afflicted with a confusion of tongues. In vain did human beings seek to live together in harmony. They were dispersed in all directions. We find them wandering aimlessly over the barren and bleak steppes of Russia like herds of wild animals. We find them in the depths of the jungles as cannibals devouring one another. We find them everywhere the victims of superstition, brutally offering up human sacrifices to appease imaginary gods. Others who remain in the ancient land, we find existing under the crushing rule of heartless monarchs. We see such men as Nebuchadnezzar exalted in accursed pride, with the iron foot of oppression resting on the miserable necks of helpless millions. We read these words of one of the kings of Assyria after he had made war upon certain peoples: "Their men, young and old, I took prisoners. Of some I cut off the feet and hands; of others I cut off the noses, ears, and lips; of the young men's ears I made a heap; and of the old men's heads I built a tower."

Centuries before this we see the children of Israel toiling under the blazing sun of Egypt, erecting mighty pyramids to satiate the vanity of monstrous kings. Again we see Darius, king of Persia, driving with whip and lash, a motley army of two hundred and fifty thousand slaves across the Hellespont to dev-

astate Greece and reduce to his tyrannical subjection its inhabitants. We see Hannibal, frenzied with a hellish passion to annihilate the Romans, dragging a great army of human beings through the bleak passes of the snow-capped Alps, leaving thousands of them along his trail dead and dying from starvation and cold. In later years we have Napoleon, heartlessly murdering thousands of human beings. We see him on his way from Moscow with the remnant of a mighty army of men who have perished along the way.

Indeed, is not ours a murderous race? Surely sin has decreed awful things for men. Sin decreed that four million colored people should be the property, in flesh and blood, of their fairer skinned brothers; that they should not be allowed to call themselves their own. Sin decreed that their liberation should cost the lives of a million men through the Civil War. Ah, the sorrow of the irreparable losses to homes as a result of this war. If only it had been our brother or our father that was slain, then might we have felt it indeed.

Sin decreed a multitudinous lot of terrible things which we could name indiscriminately. Sin decreed that the earth should bring forth weeds and poisonous vines and fruits; and that man should earn his bread by the sweat

of his brow. Sin decreed that men should not live in harmony with nature; that by a little carelessness in eating or drinking, or in exposing themselves they should fall victims of disease and die. Sin decreed that there should be the need of thousands of hospitals where wrecked human beings could be sheltered and treated. Sin decreed that dire famines should overtake men; and that pests should afflict them, as was the case in London years ago when its population was reduced by the thousands every day.

Sin decreed that the most tender ties between loved ones should be ruthlessly cut by sickness and death, and that irretrievable losses should be suffered by man because of his fellowman. Sin decreed that sorrow, like a wedge, should be driven into the hearts of mothers when the sons whom they cherished as little innocent babies in the cradle should grow up and become murderers.

Sin decreed that such hell-holes as Paris and New York and other cities should exist wherein young men and young women should be engulfed in shame and guilt. Sin decreed that corrupt newspapers should be turned off the presses by the millions daily, heralding about the world the terrible crimes that men commit; stirring up with their wanton sheets the lusts and passions of their young readers.

Sin decreed that white slavery should exist, and that by it thousands of families should be robbed of their daughters.

Sin made volcanic eruptions necessary to avenge the wrath of an angry God; and that great earthquakes should despoil San Franciscos and Messinas with their degenerate inhabitants. It was through the edict of sin that great floods swept the Ohio Valley inflicting the worst of miseries upon man; and that the Titanic sank to the bottom of the sea, leaving 1,633 passengers to find a watery grave.

In view of all this may we not conclude that this is certainly a wretched world; that it is not an ideal world; that surely it has gone astray? To think over these things would almost move men to despair, and yet thank God there is hope. There is something to offset the results of sin. Another element exists, and that is love. God's great heart throbbed with love when He saw what sin had done. He resolved that some one should visit man as a peacemaker, as a healer, as a priest and a Savior. Probably He looked about the heavenly ranks for such an ambassador. Would He send Gabriel or Michael or some other great being? Ah, the world would not recognize them! You have seen sick people who, when delirious, recognized

none but their dearest friends—their mothers or their fathers. So the world in its sin-sick condition would recognize only its Creator. As a consequence God gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. How wonderful the thought,—Jesus came! He healed the sick; He raised the dead; He expelled sorrow from the homes of men; He let the captives go free; and finally He died for men, that through His death they might have a better life. And when He had risen from the grave, having conquered death for us, He decreed that the Gospel—the power of God unto salvation,—should be preached in all the world. Hence He sent forth His servants as ministers of light to carry the glad news of salvation to the uttermost ends of the earth.

This was all done through love. How elevating, how purifying is love! To feel one's heart throb with love for humanity in its accursed condition is the most lofty feeling one can possess. To devote one's life to the cause of Christ is the most noble occupation. Pain and bereavement are ripples on the surface of a vast deep to a man whose mission is one of love to the broken-down, sin-afflicted men in the world.

Yet how many of us lack this love! How

many are there who would not make the least sacrifice in undergoing hardships for the cause of Christ! There are too many rich young rulers who want their money, their salaries, their homes, their reputations. May God stir up in us that love for humanity which led Jesus Christ to dark and bloody Calvary.

SERMON III

FOLLOWING JESUS

"And he saith unto them, Follow me"—Matt. 4:19.

E THINK of the disciples as enjoying a most intimate relationship with Christ, for they were continually in His presence. They often looked into His face. His words fell directly into their ears. One of them, John, actually had the privilege of leaning his head on Jesus' breast. The disciples had precious relationship with Jesus, and we may enjoy the same. May we not look into His face? May we not lean our heads upon His breast? May His words not fall on our ears? If the disciples followed Jesus along the dusty highways; if they ate with Him in the upper room; if they saw Him transfigured, we, living two thousand years afterwards, may do the same. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." How I should like to dwell on these thoughts, but I must go on.

I thought today of the gathering together of that little band of disciples to follow Jesus,

and what sacrifices they made that they might be with Him. Jesus one day walked along the seashore, and there He saw Peter with his fish. I do not doubt that Peter was making a good living. He knew the various fishes. Very likely he could tell a perch, or a black bass, or a trout, six feet under the water. It came to my mind that, as a rule, God calls people to His service who are industrious in their business. He does not want lazy people. So Jesus summoned Peter to follow Him. Peter did not hesitate. He left his father and his brothers, just as many of us have done. These were unpleasant partings, but he found better company and a better business.

Jesus saw Matthew the publican sitting at the receipt of customs. Here was a man for whom the glitter of a dollar had a strong attraction. No doubt he was accumulating a nice little fortune. With every twenty or thirty coins he counted, one alighted in his pocket. But when Jesus called him, Matthew saw a greater charm in the countenance of the Master than in the glitter of the dollar. We never again hear of Matthew's sitting at the receipt of custom. All of Jesus' disciples turned their backs on everything that is called good in a financial sense. Their all in all was Jesus. In Him was a substitution for the dollar. The whole course of their lives was

changed. Their aims, their desires, their hopes, their lives, became centered in Jesus Christ.

In following Jesus, the disciples took ways that ran in opposite directions to those of the Pharisees and philosophers. They ignored the traditions and ideals that were maintained by the Pharisees. They accepted for their ideal judge and observer of conduct One whom the world considered an impostor and a devil. Indeed they were willing to be looked upon as the scum of creation.

Some people maintain that the disciples followed Jesus for economical or material benefits. We would ask, "Did they fare better at His table? He did not have a table. Would they find better lodgings with Him?" No, His place of rest was the hard ground on the hillside. "Would they be conveyed about the land in guilded chariots?" No, Jesus was a humble foot-worn traveler. Surely it could not have been for the loaves and fishes that the disciples followed Him. Rather than expect these things from Jesus, they would administer such to Him. Jesus was not a leader of the laboring class seeking a distribution of wealth. His ministry was for the salvation of immortal souls, and it was for this salvation that His disciples followed Him. They recognized Him as the Captain of their salvation; and willing-

ly would they give up all for Him.

Let us consider Mary of Bethany, who loved to be called a disciple of Christ. She had a very costly bottle of perfume. It was all her wealth. The average woman would scarcely use it for fear of wasting it; but Mary did not think it was too good to be poured out on Jesus' feet. Her hair was not too beautiful to be used as a towel for His feet. Surely the devotion of this woman has never been excelled! Many people would not invest a dollar in the cause of Jesus, though it promised visible results, let alone doing apparent absurdities. They have no love for Him. I once heard of a little boy who went to a revival meeting. He was poor, and when the collection was taken he was unable to give anything. However, he asked that the basket might be lowered. They lowered it, and he asked that they lower it still farther. He finally got them to put it on the floor, and then he got into it. What more could he offer? If you have nothing in this world to give, have the basket placed on the floor and get into it. Jesus does not care about your money especially, it is YOU He wants. Nevertheless, when you get into the basket your pocket-book will go in with you.

Then it was love for Jesus that made the disciples follow Him. Love impelled the disciples to endure every hardship just to be in His

presence. When Jesus slept on the mountainside, there you might find the disciples also, though they could have had good homes. When Jesus was railed upon, they were railed upon. Wherever Jesus goes, I want to go. If He wears a crown of thorns, I want to wear a crown of thorns. If He is crucified, I want to be crucified.

But there was a critical time coming in the history of this little band. Jesus was not going to fulfil their every expectation. They believed Him to be the Christ, the Son of God. They thought of Him as the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. As the Son of God, they expected Him to bring about a mighty revolution in the world. They expected all earthly powers to submit to Him. But they were disappointed.

As the time of this crisis drew near, Jesus was troubled at heart. He knew all that was awaiting Him. In His humility He felt the need of help from his fellowmen; so He took James, Peter, and John to the Garden of Gethsemane with Him. He heard the distant rumblings of a mighty storm. The wind bore to His ears the howls of the mob that was coming for Him. The disciples were innocent as little children. They confided solely in Jesus at all times. In their child-like simplicity they anticipated no evil. All was peace-

ful to them in the Garden. They saw no lightnings that announced a storm, nor heard any thunder. Their eyes were heavy, and they slept. Jesus moved off a little distance and underwent terrible agony. He found no help in His disciples though He went to them three times. Finally it was over. While the disciples slept, the battle was fought that decided the moral destiny of the world. Jesus aroused them from their sleep and said, "Let us be going."

Ah, the scene that followed! Down in the valley below they discerned an approaching band. Seeking for the Christ with swords and staves, came a horde of demonized men. Would Jesus flee? He knew they were coming. No, He rather moved toward them. Soon the lights of their torches shone upon the faces of Jesus and the disciples. Some one spoke: it was the vile and treacherous Judas. Said he, "The one I kiss." Then emerging from the band, he stepped up to Jesus his Master, and implanted upon His face the most treacherous kiss that ever a man received. The disciples were dismayed, for here the Son of God was seen submitting to the powers of men. Why did He not rise up in His majesty and overcome them? Why did not the hosts of heaven suddenly break the bounds of invisibility and annihilate those

devils? If Jesus would do nothing, Peter would at least try to defend Him; so he cut off one man's ear. Jesus beneficently replaced the ear and admonished Peter.

Then this mob laid hands on Jesus, and dragged Him through the valley and into the city. It was midnight. The world of Jesus' supporters was asleep; only His enemies prowled about. He was taken ruthlessly into the palace of the high priest. Here He received the most brutal treatment that could have been accorded Him, and that, in the presence of God's (so-called) high priest. Where were the disciples? Ah, they were scattered abroad. They were as sheep without a shepherd in a waste and howling wilderness. How turbulent their bosoms must have been! How terrified and dismayed! Every moving shadow and every moaning branch, rent their hearts with fear. The blood-thirsty wolves of persecution howled about them. It was only the protecting power of God that saved them.

Where was their Christ, their expected King? Ah, look into the palace of the high priest! They have struck Him in the face! They have spit upon Him! They are jeering, and hooting at Him! There He stands unflinching. He utters no complaint and makes no whimper. How could the Son of God receive such treatment!

From the palace of the high priest this mob of devil-possessed men drove Jesus to the judgment hall, where He was caused to stand before Pilate. Never before had God been brought to judgment to receive sentence from a mortal man whom He had created. Pilate would "have nothing to do with this good man." In vain he tried to expel the case from his jurisdiction. But it was forced upon him, and finally, succumbing to the will of the insane mob, he decreed that they should treat the Son of God as it pleased them. Jesus was scourged. Ah, just imagine how His tender flesh quivered under the lash, and how the blood marked the stripes. Little did Pilate think that some day he himself would stand a wretched, accused mortal before the judgment seat of this same One whose case he had just disposed of.

Do you suppose that this scene has taken place only once in history? Do you think that Christ has been brought before the judgment seat of mortal man but once? Every successive generation from His time, has so treated Him. Indeed, it is an every-day scene. You may find Jesus arrayed in a purple garment and crowned with thorns almost anywhere you go. You may see blasphemers down before Him in mock homage. You may see the lash used upon Him. You may hear

the multitudes crying, "Away with Him! away with Him! Release unto us modern heresies, and philosophies. Give us this world's pleasures. We have no prince but the devil." Attend one of our modern colleges; see Jesus stand before the judgment seat of scientists and philosophers and be condemned to crucifixion. Go into the temples of the high priests—modern churches—and see them consign the Lamb of God to fresh slaughter.

The vile and brutal treatment lasted all night, and early in the morning one might have heard the shuffling of thousands of feet on the stone pavements of Jerusalem as the multitudes, now aware of the things that were happening, drifted toward the gates of the city, to witness the crucifixion of the Son of God. No doubt the disciples, trembling, mingled with the crowd. This was a great reverse for them indeed. Instead of the Jews' welcoming Jesus to the throne, they were driving Him to the mount of crucifixion. I can see Jesus bowed beneath His heavy load, and surrounded with hard-hearted Roman soldiers, who were being used as tools for this deicide by the Jews.

When they reached Golgotha, the soldiers proceeded to their bloody work. They were unconscious of whom they were handling. This was only another victim for crucifixion, a

very common thing to them. They stretched Him on the cross. Listen! I can hear the "dull blow of the hammer swung low." The cold steel is driven through His quivering flesh. They raise the cross and let it fall with its sacred load into the mortised rock. Now the soldiers who know nothing but money and fleshly gratification, part Jesus' garment at His feet. All the while, the hooting multitude looks on. It must have been a beastly horde. I imagine I can see the flash of their hellish eyes and the white of their nashing teeth.

But lo, the sky begins to darken; nature is beginning to react. She is unable to stand, without being thrown into convulsions, the crucifixion of her Creator! The sun reels back into obscurity. The earth staggers like a drunken man. The foundations of Jerusalem and the hills round about quake. The great veil of the temple is rent in twain. Amidst scenes of this kind the Son of God expires.

How about the poor disciples! Can we appreciate their discouragement, terror, and dismay at this time? Their hopes, their ambitions, their desires and their love hung on the cross with Jesus. At this stage of loss many men go insane. Surely the despair was overwhelming. Moreover, their lives were in imminent danger.

Tradition says that the decree had gone

forth, consigning all the followers of Jesus to death. However, there must have been a golden tie that held them together. You might have seen them standing in little groups in shadowy and concealed places, bemoaning their awful calamity. But the hosts of heaven must have been about to keep them from total despair.

After Jesus had died, the disciples conveyed His dead body to the tomb. Did it seem very likely to them that the salvation of the world would be found in a corpse? No indeed. Nevertheless, they loved Jesus still, and could not permit His body to be disposed of in the same manner as those of the other victims.

During the three days that Christ lay in the tomb, the hearts of the disciples were racked with anguish and pain. I imagine they hardly ate or slept. But surely there must have been in them an inexplainable feeling that something was going to happen. One of them, Mary, could hardly wait until the Sabbath was gone, so that she could visit the tomb. She so loved Jesus that to see Him dead was better than not to see Him at all. So, very early in the morning before the sun had risen, you might have seen her passing quickly and silently along the streets.

I imagine when she had reached the tomb the sun had risen. It must have been a

beautiful morning. Surely the sun rose in all its splendor that morning. I imagine that clouds of golden chariots, driving over the horizon, must have announced His coming. Even the solemnity of the tomb must have been broken that morning. But Mary felt no ecstasy of joy. No, she was depressed, and no doubt felt that the rising sun, the warbling birds, and the blossoming flowers, were mocking her. Why should she exalt with nature this morning? Her Christ was dead; her hopes were gone: the sun of her life had sunk; the music in her soul had ceased; no new hopes were budding; no emulous project heaved her bosom. But surely a subtle feeling of —what shall we call it—expectancy, must have stealthily knocked at her heart's door, notwithstanding the gloom. Delicately she came to the tomb, almost loathing to go in. Could she again look upon the pale countenance of a dead Christ? Oh, but she loved Him so much!

One might ask what drew Mary to the tomb that morning. Why could she arise so early? People are not usually in such a hurry to get to a graveyard. The dead do not move; there is no danger of their not being there, though one should come too late.

Mary looked into the tomb. No Christ was there. Nothing but His clothes were to

be seen. She began to weep. What could they have done with Him? She turned around in despair and sought to find where they had taken her Master. Just then some one stood before her. "Woman," said he, "why weepest thou?" "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him," said Mary. How often has it seemed to those who love Jesus that the world, the fallen church, or the colleges have taken Him away, and laid Him where they knew not. Then this stranger who stood before her said, "Mary," and all of a sudden the sun burst through the darkness of her soul, and she recognized the face of her Master. He spoke more words to her, and these words, like the cooling waters of a fountain, trickled down over her soul.

After this Jesus appeared at different times to the rest of the disciples in somewhat the same manner as He did to Mary. With His appearance, all was gloriously restored to them, their hopes, aims, and best of all their faith.

Anybody who is as importunate as Mary was, may see Jesus in His resurrection and life. The Pharisees and priests did not know that Jesus had risen from the dead, but Mary did. The colleges, professors, skeptics, and the world in general do not know that the Lord

has risen today. But you and I may know it.

SERMON IV

ALL THINGS CONTINUE

"Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation"—2 Peter 3:4.

T IS NEEDFUL now and then to touch upon the all-important subject of the coming of Christ. This has been the theme of hundreds of inspired, God-given sermons. It ought to be the theme of hundreds of sermons to come. It has been an unpopular subject, and will be for ministers who are only playing with the Gospel. Modern ministers do not want to touch upon a subject wherein they must deal with death, hell, and the Judgment, though that subject may treat of things bound up with the destiny of the world. They would rather amuse with fairy tales their pleasure-indulging congregations, the note of whose doom is about to be sounded by the voice of an archangel in accents thundering. This world is speeding swiftly to destruction while its inhabitants, like the gay excursionists on a

wreck-doomed express train, lounge in their easy chairs, and gaze with dreamy eyes upon the passing attractions. They have no thought but that the rest of their journey will be attended with the same dazzling splendors as those which they enjoy now, while in truth pale death with its horrid realities awaits the coming train at some crossing or broken rail.

It is easy amidst the ecstasies afforded by modern comforts, the splendid attainments of men, and beautiful scenes of life, to sink into a state of forgetfulness and unexpectancy. God save us from such a condition! "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."

Many people think that the future is to be at haphazard in that it is not subject to any divine plan, and that whatever comes upon the earth will be merely accidental, or the incidental result of the evolution of time. Hence they think it would be useless to make any preparations. There could be no greater foolly than this. In the third chapter of 2 Peter a verse reads: "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." In this we see that the future is in the hands of God, and He has even planned

it. He has worked out the history of this world himself. He will draw its history to a close, and the closing scenes will be dramatic indeed. Those people who think and act indifferently with regard to their spiritual welfare are little better than idiots. However, there are a few of them so foolish but they look out for their temporal welfare. With this in view men have established great insurance companies designed to guarantee the financial welfare of the insured and their families in the case of accident. While people are careful to insure themselves against sickness and accidents, they make no provision whatever for the soul which will be subject, when separated from the body, to eternal life or eternal death, according to previous provision or neglect. In this light, when you estimate the world's wise men, so-called, they appear as the worst of fools. This world is overrun with wise fools, who see no other destiny than that which involves the dollar, and no calamity but that which may be either averted or its effects weakened by its power.

Look into the thousands of homes in the neighborhood of New York, and search for a grain of real sense among those shrewd business men. See if they are actuated by reason. Watch one of these wise idiots for a day. See him spring from his bed in the morning, awak-

ened probably by the vision of a fleeing dollar for which he is grasping; see him hastily dress and nervously cram his stomach, still grasping, as it were, for the dollar. See him rush forth, wild-eyed, to mingle with other wise idiots. Follow him into their midst as they stampede pell mell through the streets, or precipitate themselves into overloaded cars and subways which follow the trail of the dollar. See him as he arrives at his home at night, either gloating over his success or grumbling over his failure to catch the dollar. See him betake himself to bed to wake up in the morning with the same dream. See him arise and proceed again as he did the day before. Do such men appear sane to you? New York is full of just such men. New York is a maelstrom of idiocy. God pity the men who are caught in such a whirl-pool—a whirl-pool whose vortex is the mouth of hell.

These wise fools accumulate the dollars. See the beautiful towns that have arisen from their wealth. Admire their elaborate homes and their cultured families. And yet consider, my friends, that these men are rearing their children to do as they do, not realizing that such training but fits them for the fires of God's wrath. In their success, these men become proud and skeptical. They treat lightly the subject of religion and scoff, saying, "Where is

the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." These benighted men presume that the past is a guarantee for the future. Is not this idiocy? Indeed, the past, as it has developed, guarantees the fulfilment of prophecy. All things point to a crisis in the world's history. All things point to the second coming of Christ. Even now the time is ripe for His appearing. In like manner as He ascended, so He will come again. At His final ascension, when the men stood gazing upon Him as He vanished, two men in white apparel, which could be none other than winged prophets from heaven, declared that in like manner as He went up, so should He come again. But these scoffers say it has been two thousand years since this was promised; things have continued the same; we see not even a sign of His re-appearance. In this they are willingly ignorant.

Just about the time when the nations ignore and forget prophecy, a crash will come. Enoch foresaw this thousands of years ago and he prophesied saying, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which

ungodly sinners have spoken against him." For every word spoken in derision, the speaker will reap the fruit of judgment. God is going to vindicate himself to this mocking world. He is going to make terrible His visitation upon men. Every knee shall bow before Him and every tongue shall confess. In the great army, bowing and kissing the dust before Him, will be found these proud business men who daily disregard salvation, and disdain to speak with the children of God.

I want to see a Judgment Day. I want to see the fall of pride, infidelity, and skepticism. I want to see this world clothed in sackcloth and ashes before a living God. I know that such a day is coming. These brazen blasphemers see no Judgment Day. They say business will go on and prosper; wealth will increase. There will be no cessation; stocks and bonds will continue to occupy the thoughts of men. It is just such sentiment that brings about the wrath of God, and suddenly, before they are aware of it, dreadful calamity will rack this world.

We have had fore-runners of calamities. Let us consider them briefly in their order. Study the life and times before the flood. See if they were not correspondent with those of the present, There were New Yorks and Philadelphias and Chicagos. There was a

zenith which men had attained in wealth and pride. They would have it that the prophecy of the flood was but the utterance of a fool. They sneered at Noah, and said his ark was a mammoth production of insanity. And thus they stood upon the streets, and went back and forth to business. They ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage until the day of the visitation of God's wrath. Then the heavens were seen to darken; distant rumbling of thunder announced the coming of a storm. The lightnings flashed, and ere long upon this world poured torrents of dark waters from the vials of God's wrath, drenching the earth and annihilating men.

Let us consider a later and smaller catastrophe—the destruction of Pompeii. There was a glorious city, a city of renown, a city equipped and adorned with all the useful commodities and beautiful arts of the ancient world. Its inhabitants had reached the ultimate gratification of all the heart could desire. They became exceedingly wicked. They would not accept Christianity; they were steeped in unbelief. Like the people before the flood, they carried on business. Like modern society, they feasted and reveled in nightly orgies. They were married and divorced. God swore that the cup of iniquity was full. In the distance were heard the guttural rumblings of

Mt. Vesuvius, and soon she belched forth from the bottomless pit a flood of fiery lava: Pompeii ceased to be a city and was buried and lost from the sight of men. Excavations of modern times prove the unspeakable licentiousness of its inhabitants. Thus was manifested once more the wrath of God.

Let us come now to our own country, upon which, in various ways, the vials of God's wrath have been poured. The horrors of the Johnstown flood are in the memories of some of you tonight. The wicked inhabitants of that city were worthy of judgment, but so unexpectant were they of judgments that even in the face of a living witness of the coming waters, they would not flee for their lives. Nay they sported with the man who plunged into their midst and warned them of death. "You are crazy. You are a fool," was their response to his warning. But it was not long before Johnstown succumed to a terrible flood.

Need we speak of San Francisco, one of America's most glorious cities: a city where the wealth of the West was concentrated; where existed high and beautiful buildings, where the rich reveled in their voluptuousness; where wickedness could be no worse? The gay inhabitants of San Francisco thought of no coming earthquake, neither thought they of religion, and the cup of their iniquity became

full. Wherefore God set to vibrating in the West a mighty earthquake. It traversed the Pacific and struck San Francisco, leaving of it a heap of ruins.

The unspeakable horrors of the Titanic tragedy are still fresh in our minds. There floated in the midst of the ocean on that moonlight night a miniature model of the modern world, in the height of perfection, at the apex of pride and the zenith of luxury and wealth. The passengers were at ease in the enjoyment of all that could be afforded in this life. They vaunted themselves in what they considered an unsinkable ship. They looked for no catastrophe; they saw no iceberg. They spent their time that Sunday night in banqueting and dancing, a travesty upon God's holy day. In the meantime there crept slowly into the path of the mighty vessel a monstrous iceberg, clipped from the glaciers of the north by God's own hand, and fore-ordained to do the work of death. In a few hours, 1,600 people found a watery grave.

Shall we speak of the recent floods and tornadoes in Ohio and the Western states? We do not hesitate to pronounce them as the judgments of God and the fore-runners of His pending judgments. Yet in the face of all these things, men are not moved. They will not recognize God though the waters of His

judgments sweep in warning over their feet. Is it not right and just that God should so deal with proud and haughty man? Is it not fitting that He should exact his homage, if not by love, by judgment?

And so the world will go on heedless of these warnings until suddenly, "with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God," Christ will appear, and having caught away His bride will permit to be turned loose upon this world the dogs of war and the armies of death. Then the earthquakes, and the tornadoes, and the belching volcanoes shall deal out death and destruction, such as will be without precedence in the history of the world. God save us from these times of tribulation. God permit that we be caught up at the coming of the Son of man. Can you conceive, my friends, of the gloom and dreadful lonliness that will come to those who are left behind, when they discover that mother, or brother, or sister, or father has been taken from their midst? But thus it will be. "Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left." The unprepared will look about him and finding his companion missing, will exclaim, "John! John! where are you?" How many times in your lives, my friends, have you been terrified with the thought that the Lord had come and

G.M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
Cincinnati Bible College & Seminary

caught away those who were ready and left you behind. I remember when but a little boy, having overslept, I aroused quickly, and finding all silent in the house, the first thought that shocked my heart was that the Lord had come, and Mamma and Papa and brother had gone. I hastened to search the house and in finding the missing ones was exceedingly gratified to know it was not so. God forbid that we oversleep, and, waking up suddenly, find such conditions a reality. The world will wake up to find that something has gone, and great will be the consternation when they discover that the "salt of the earth" has been taken away.

Are you sure tonight that if Jesus were to come you would be ready to be caught up with Him? You can have the assurance that you are prepared to die. I warn you to make sure.

SERMON V

THE SCARLET CORD

"Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee"—Joshua 2:18.

HEN YOU FIND great men getting to the place where they will tell you that their theories of the Deity and creation are founded upon supposition, you can rejoice over the fact that you can say, "The Lord saved me here or there; I know the day and the hour when the transformation in my heart took place." Thank God, there are some things one can know. I know that I have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

There is a great power working somewhere. It is wonderful to think of the power that drives those subway trains in New York City. Great dynamos furnish the power. Each train has about ten cars, and each car can carry about one hundred people. The trains are driven furiously through those subterranean passages, and when they come to a hill they go straight

up without any difficulty. Up-hill makes no difference; they have the power back of them.

On the other hand, it takes a great deal of power to stop one of those heavy trains when it gets a good start. But it takes more power to stop a man when he gets started in this world. There is more resistance in a man than in a whole material universe. Man is a great creature; he does not stop to think how powerful he is. He may make a statement and it will reverberate throughout the ages of eternity. A single word will impress itself upon some child or person, and will make an impression that will last forever.

Water can freeze in the crevices of rocks and crack a whole mountain, but there is no natural force that can transform man's nature. There is no force in eternity that will change the soul after death. The saving power of the Almighty will have no effect then; the saving power of Jesus Christ is effectual only in this world, and when the soul is separated from the body, it has passed beyond the pale of redemption. The time will come when a person's destiny will be sealed. God will say, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: * * and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

In Shakespeare's Macbeth, we are told of

a person who found herself guilty of murder. She walked the floor in the night-time in a dreamy mood, wringing her hands and crying. She would wash her hands, but declared that all the water in the world could not wash those blood-stains away; not all the perfumes of Arabia could cleanse those little white hands. The woman typifies any ordinary person who has fixed his destiny. Others are doing the same thing here this evening perhaps. I have seen people resist the Spirit and go out of the door possessed with all the power the demons of hell could muster for them. You could not stop them with motors, or steam engines, or anything,—they were set.

I pray that God will not let me get set in the wrong way. You will have to be careful how you deal with your soul, how you handle your own mould, how you influence those around you. You say, "I will live for myself," but the scripture says, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14:7).

People will come to the Judgment and find those there who are doomed to damnation on their account. God has not made us irresponsible creatures, as He did the lower animals. We are responsible for one another. When the blood-stain of souls is on your hands,

there is nothing that will take it away, no absolutions of any kind. Only the blood of Jesus can wash it away.

About three thousand years ago, an incident took place in the land of the Bible. There was a rope that had a color of great significance. It was not white, yellow, black or green —it was red. You remember, the spies sent out by Joshua went to Jericho to find out what the resistance to his army might be after they had crossed over Jordan. These spies found a woman living on the town wall of Jericho by the name of Rahab. This woman, being a Gentile, was spoken of as a harlot. She had heard that a great army was coming and that nothing could stand before it. She said it would be folly not to shelter those men, and at the critical moment, she let them down over the wall by the red cord.

After she had done them a favor, she obtained their pledge. They said they would spare her and her father's house when Joshua's army reached the land. She had to be designated from others on the wall; therefore she was told to hang the red cord out of the window, and when the army came, they would save her and all that was in her house. She did not understand why they made this request, but she obeyed. When Joshua's host came to Jericho, they delivered her from the

destruction that came upon that city.

Joshua's army did not come with great battering rams or anything like the Germans are using today; they simply marched around the city and blew rams' horns. Some supernatural power was going to throw that city down. No doubt the old king of Jericho sent out his military specialists who reviewed the troops and investigated the walls. They tapped the walls to find if there were any loose stones or weak places; they got everything in readiness to withstand a siege.

But all a poor woman did was to hang out a red string in her window for protection. Her neighbors came along and said, "What are you going to do with the cord? Why don't you get some locks and put them on your doors? Everybody else is barring and bolting their doors." You see they all had it figured out. The college professors were figuring on it; the philosophers and scientists had it all figured out. This woman knew nothing of military science, but she knew how to obey orders and put out the red cord.

The first day Joshua's army marched around, the old walls stood immutable and almost grinned with defiance. There was no change the second day, nor the third, nor the fourth, but Joshua's warriors continued to make their rounds until the seventh day, when

they marched around seven times; and suddenly, while blowing their horns, some unseen power got down underneath the old walls of Jericho which had stood for centuries and began to shake them. The doors became unbolted and the stones tumbled out, and the whole structure went down.

There was one house that did not go down; the red cord saved it. It was not the strength of the string, nor the material of which it was made; it was not even the color, but what the color signified—the blood of Jesus Christ—that saved it.

Friends, what are you doing to save your soul? The first law of nature is self-preservation, and you should use the means at hand to protect your soul from eternal destruction. You may take every precaution in this world, and still you are unsafe. There are those here who are apparently immune to some things. They may be exposed to small-pox and not contract the disease; they might go out in the storm without sufficient clothing and still not take cold. But there are accidents which are not so easy to avoid. You may be struck by an engine on a railroad crossing. You may send your child to town and he may be killed in the street. You may take your wife and children to a ship and see them off while the wind is blowing that will carry them

to their doom. The point I wish to make is that you are not safe anywhere without divine protection. You need a body-guard of angels in a world that is infested with evil spirits, and where you are likely to come in contact with the forces governing the material universe which might crush out your life. Think of the many ways in which the devil is trying to bring about the destruction of both soul and body.

You can spurn and resist the Spirit of God, but the death-bolt will come against your soul sooner or later. Talk about the risks you run physically: they are not to be compared with the risks you are running with your soul. You cannot save yourself by theorizing. You may go to college and see those who are trying to save themselves by scientific optimism. Many say, "We are all getting better, and will evolve into saints after a while." How deceived such people are! If you put your trust in anything but the blood of Christ, you are sure to fail. Rely on any philosophy or reasoning of your own, or look to mortal man, or to this or that church, and you will go down.

There is but one place of safety—under the blood of Jesus. Professor G— said the other day: "Well gentlemen, we have to concede here that evolution is founded on assumption; you can believe whatever you please; you

can believe in special creation or in evolution." This shows how uncertain is the foundation under the feet of those who repudiate the blood of Jesus Christ.

The red cord religion is the only kind that is sure. I have taken hold of the red cord and am going to hold on to it. It is our only hope. It is not a bar of steel or a mighty fortress, but the representative of Him who rules the universe, who has all power in heaven and in earth, and who holds the destiny of worlds in His hands. May God help us to bow humbly in submission to His will and claim the blood as the only remedy for sin.

SERMON VI

WHAT IS TRUTH?

"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?" ——John 18:38.

N INCIDENT which has always come to me with a most peculiar and wonderful force is recorded in the 18th chapter of John. It is in connection with the life of Jesus, when, after having explained His mission in the world, Pilate put to Him this question, "What is truth?" This is undoubtedly the greatest question that has ever been asked. It has never been answered in the fullest sense; God himself alone could do this. Men have puzzled their brains for centuries with this question, but they have never come to any satisfactory conclusion, and never will by a course of reasoning.

But the answer to this question may be found, as I hope you shall see. Were we to make a deep study of truth, we should find it not only to be contrary to, or the opposite of falsehood, involving all facts conceived or unconceived, but to be so infinitely comprehen-

sive as to take in God himself. We should finally conclude that God is truth. Truth is one of God's all inclusive attributes; so important an attribute is it that the incarnation of the second person of the Godhead was said to be the Incarnate Truth. Jesus said, "I am the truth" (John 14:6). To think of Jesus as truth incarnate must necessarily enlarge our conception of Him, or at least cause us to wonder with awe upon Him. Then, as we see truth standing clothed with flesh before Pilate, as he, unconscious of this wonderful truth, asks the greatest of questions, "What is truth?" we are impressed anew with the scene. It will be remembered that Christ made no answer. Had He answered, He could have said nothing more than, "I am the truth." This answer Pilate could not have understood, for he was not of the truth. In this we see his ignorance of truth, and it is here also that we see the ignorance of truth in all of those to whom the answer of this question is not found in Jesus.

Since we have found that truth is God, we may look upon it as God and so give it the proper estimation. Truth has come to be a trivial matter. Men play with the truth today and turn it aside at their own caprice; and since falsehood is sometimes, in fact is generally, more gratifying, they harbor and nurse

it; this they do, not realizing that it is God with whom they are playing.

The seed of falsehood has imbedded itself in the hearts of men. Sometimes it produces its crop of lies before a child has scarcely begun to talk. This is Satan's fruit. Satan is the father of lies. It was with a lie that he caused Eve to transgress, and brought about the fall of man. Now if Satan is the father of lies, he must be falsehood itself. Thus we have truth as God and falsehood as the devil. The two are pitted one against the other. Such a warfare truth and falsehood have waged ever since the fall of man, and will wage until falsehood is put down.

One of the greatest consolations I have at times is the confidence that though lies are flourishing and prejudices against the cause of the Gospel have taken the proportions of mountains, the time is coming when Falsehood will be put down and Truth will be vindicated: yea, Christ, that is to say His people, will be vindicated in righteousness and integrity before the world. Is it not true that Satan has aimed his heaviest artillery of lies against the Church of God? This is the most effective method of warfare he can use against God. Upon the Church of Jesus Satan belches his vilest vituperations in the form of lies; before the doors he heaps base censure and thus turns

away men. Ah, my friends, does not the child of God often feel the sting of hatred and prejudice as he mingles among men. But how sweet is that consciousness of integrity in the midst of all of this! How infinitely superior is the righteous man to his accuser, whatever the accusation! It is generally true that to a thief, a robber, an adulterer, or a liar, everybody seems to be such; hence the accusers are only witnessing against themselves. Because of these persecutions to which the Church of Jesus is subject, there has arisen in me at times such sublime feelings that I have counted them all as nothing. I have considered the righteousness of the Church and its standard of morals, and have seen that it was infinitely higher than that of any other body in existence. I glory in belonging to it, though it is composed of a despised people.

In studying of late upon this subject and looking forward to the time when truth is to prevail over error, that consolation derived from it has grown to be a feeling of triumph even in myself. Truth is not going to prevail barely, but it will have a triumphant victory. A picture of truth going forth to conquer may be found in the 19th chapter of Revelation. Truth here is represented in its real nature as Jesus Christ. The first verse touching upon this subject reads as follows: "And I saw heav-

en opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called THE WORD OF GOD. * * And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword." Jesus is the Word, and the Word is Truth. Here we have a picture of the Truth coming forth in majesty to make war. Farther on in the chapter we find that the mighty men and nations have come forth to make war on Him, and also the false prophet is the leading character among His enemies.

The people of the world have sought for truth, yet they have done no less than wage war against it. The great men of the nations have sought for truth in philosophy and science, and have found certain of its phases only. They will not recognize the fundamental truth which is none other than Jesus. Peoples' attitude toward truth has been the same as that of the world toward Jesus when He was not recognized as the Son of God; thus, they are truth's enemies, "He that is not with me is against me." These are the words of Jesus. Thank God, the time is coming when the en-

emies of truth will be banished from the earth. The circumlocutionous routes used in the effort to locate truth will be done away with, the world will come direct to Jesus. The false religions and theories on morals, as represented in the false prophet, will be destroyed. Falsehood in all of its forms is doomed for destruction. Before the fiery sword of truth all the pretexts that men offer as arguments for their false conclusions will be consumed; the lies with which men girded and clothed themselves will be burned up and their nakedness will be exposed to truth.

Can not we look forward to this time as a glorious revolution! Though falsehood, the foremost of hell's black knights, rides vauntingly today, the time is approaching when he will go down before the lance of truth, to be trampled under the feet of the white horse; though error, the viceroy of Satan, sits enthroned in politics and religion, the time is set for his fall, and he will be led to the scaffold of his execution before the millions over whom he sways his scepter. Truth will then stand out before all the world and demand recognition. Pilate will then recognize truth; all those who have washed their hands in self-righteousness while they have turned away from truth will recognize it. There will be no excuse at that time for those who have spurn-

ed truth or failed to accept it. All will be treated as its enemies. The verse quoted says that the vesture of Him that rode upon the white horse was dipped in blood. If you are searching for truth my friends, you will find it in Jesus. You need not delve into treatises on morals, philosophy or religion, but seek Jesus. In a true conception of Jesus, the greatest of all questions is answered.

SERMON VII

THE FIRST LAW OF GOD

"Be ye holy: for I am holy" —I Peter I:16.

HE SUBJECT of holiness is one that is but little thought of. It is a subject held in disrepute among the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the day. People who profess to believe in holiness are ignored. The reason for this is easily understood. Primarily, it is not so much that men disbelieve in holiness, but that they are unwilling to make the sacrifices required to obtain it. Men cherish sin; they love to give free reign to the lusts of the flesh; they wish an excuse for daily intemperate indulgences, and consequently are ready to grasp any argument in favor of a sinning religion or one that is contrary to the doctrine of holiness. Such people show little or no insight into divine truth. They are narrow minded, and do not in the least degree comprehend God, neither do they grasp, even partially, the great plan of redemption.

Holiness is, in reality, the first law

of God. All other laws are involved in it. Every law of God points to holiness.

God is holy; He knows no sin. Evil is not an attribute of His nature. He hates sin, and will not have it in His presence. Because of sin He cursed Lucifer and cast him from the highest heaven to the deepest hell. He has sworn that He will destroy evil, and this He will do, even though He must destroy the world that is infested with it and men and women who are guilty of it. However, God is just and so He instituted the great plan of redemption, whereby you and I might be purged from sin and be saved.

Could you see sin in its hideousness as God sees it, you would cry out for Him to hasten the day of its annihilation. Could you contrast the holiness of heaven with the filthiness of this world, you would close your eyes in horror. Could you contrast the pure, white beings of heaven with the vile sin-besmirched inhabitants of earth, you would beseech God to hasten the end of your sojourn among men. Could you inhale one breath of heaven's clear, sweet atmosphere, you would wonder how you could have lived so long, breathing the foul fumes of this sin-cursed world.

Stand today on the banks of the crystal river that flows out from the throne of God, and look into its pure, sparkling waters; then

stand on the banks of the black river of vice that flows in mighty tides through the world; gaze into its murky current, its maelstrom of passion and lust, and look upon its torrents of murder and suicide. Pick up the daily papers and look at their pages stained with blood, and filled with accounts of theft, treachery, graft, adultery, and divorce. Is this a holy world? Do you admire its illustrious populace? Would the white-robed angels sully their garments among the members of earth's society? Ah, God turns away His face, and His angels blush to gaze upon such scenes!

Visit today the city of God. Note its splendor and the holy modesty of its inhabitants. Then visit a city of earth and note the degeneracy of its inhabitants; blush to gaze at lust walking unshamedly through its streets! See murder unconcealed in the eyes of men and suicide lurking in dark places!

Think of the history of this fallen world! Consider today the seas of blood on which the nations are sailing, as it were. Think of the battles of the Civil War in which hundreds of thousands lost their lives; the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg; all those of Napoleon, Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal! Estimate the number of the world's slain, and with them the broken hearts and bottled up tears, if you

can. Ah, I dare say you could fill the deepest valleys with the slain, make a new mountain range with the broken hearts and another ocean with the tears. This, all this, is sin and its works.

What a wreck Satan has made of this world! What a black record he has given it! It is out of touch with God. This is a prodigal world. It is like a wandering star, leaving behind it a horrible trail of wickedness. It is the one discordant note in the music of the spheres. But God will right it; he will reconcile it to holiness though it be with fire.

With this view in mind, God looked down upon this world; but, seeing man whom He had created after His own image and to whom He had given a virtuous spirit, besmirched with the venom of hell, His great heart throbbed with love, and He said, "I will provide a way of escape for him. Moreover I must have some representatives on earth, some men after my own heart; some whose lives are holy; the doors of whose nature are closed to evil. I must have some who will not tolerate those abominable traits of Satan,—pride, anger, hatred, jealousy and lust,—in short, some upon whose hearts the black fingerprints of Satan cannot be found."

But it was necessary to provide a means of cleansing; hence, upon Mount Calvary, at

the stupendous price of His own Son's life, for there was no alternative, God opened the fountain of blood that alone avails to wash away the crimson stain of sin, purifying the heart.

To this purpose, I say, was the crucifixion. Those who fail to see it, fail to comprehend the meaning of Christ's mission on earth. Those who cut holiness out of the Bible, cut out Calvary. Those who mock at it, mock at the Son of God. Yea, they trample His blood under their feet, and thus incur the vengeance of an omnipotent Father.

After God had provided this means of purgation, he not only suggested that we be holy, but demanded that we be holy. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5:48). Then He emphasizes the result of not being perfect by saying that without HOLINESS no man shall see God (Heb. 12:14). No man shall see God. That means he shall not be admitted into His presence; nay, rather, it means banishment into outer darkness beyond the impassible gulf into the abyss of eternal fire. The whole New Testament is full of injunctions to holiness. We are told in Eph. 1:4 that Christ's sacrifice was made that we might be presented holy and without blame before God. I Peter 1:15 commands us to be holy in all manner of

conversation. 2 Cor. 7:1 says, to be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. I Thess. 4:3 says, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification,"—sanctification signifies holiness. Heb. 13:12 says, "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." Other scriptures might be quoted. You may find any number by searching for them.

The last verse, however, which deals with the subject of holiness is especially emphatic and significant. You will find it in the last chapter of Revelation. The words therein are the words of Jesus after He has brought all things to an end, after the great drama of the human race has been closed, after the angel of God had stood with one foot on land and the other on the sea and cried, with his hand raised to heaven, that time shall be no more. Then it is that these words are uttered: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is HOLY, let him be holy still." Did you ever stop to think that the time is coming when your character is going to be fixed? The regular succession of minutes, seconds and hours with regard to your spiritual being will cease, and the opportunity to better

yourself, as afforded by time, will be gone. If you are filthy or unjust, you will remain filthy or unjust. If you are in an attitude of defiance and unbelief toward God, you will remain that way. If you have within your bosom anger, wrath, malice, envy, spite, jealousy, or deceit toward God, in that state you will remain. Your doom will be written; your allotment for eternity will be a place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

We read of the never-ending death of the wicked. Always dying, but never dead. It is the eternal vengeance of God upon those who refused to be purged from sin.

We said a little while ago that God had vowed to purge this sinful world with fire. His wrath will also fall upon you personally if you do not get rid of sin. On the other hand, if you are found holy, then you will be holy still. Holy throughout eternity! Instead of being cast into outer darkness, you will be admitted in the presence of God, there to mingle with His holy angels and the redeemed of all ages, and to sing with the heavenly choir: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty."

SERMON VIII

CHRIST OR THE WORLD?

"He was despised, and we esteemed him not"—Isa. 53:3.

Y THEME is to big for utterance. It seems that neither prayers nor groans would suffice to give vent to my feelings. The most of you I know are happy, and you have reason to be. But the question comes to my mind: Is there not some one in this audience who is miserable, and who deserves to be? some one who is rejecting Jesus Christ?

Let every young man and woman stop and question himself or herself this morning. The winds, or the birds, or something has plucked murmurs and complaints from the lips of some one here, and has brought them to me. Murmurs and complaints at the cross of Christ. I have a message from God to you this morning.

Would that the search-lights of truth would flash about this place and that the thunders of judgments would burst in your ears. Would that an arrow of truth would sink so

deep into your hearts that eternity could never root it out.

My text is the 53d chapter of Isaiah: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

If there is any one here who is ashamed of Jesus Christ, who despises Him and esteems Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted;

if there is any one here who says he owes Him nothing; any one who has not an ounce of strength, not a stitch of service, not a teardrop for Jesus Christ, to you I am preaching. Some of you young men with steel-gray eyes, broad shoulders and big chests capable of bearing the cross, are not willing to lift a single straw for Jesus Christ, and you know it. Not a straw! not a straw! will you lift. You are looking back to your old environments; you want your old things, your old companions, your own damnation, and you will get all of them.

I see Jesus standing on the sea of Galilee. With Him is Peter and some of the other disciples. A little boat tosses on the waves near the shore. A heap of fish on the sand glistens in the morning sun. The waters of the lake, rippling on the shore, are harping the music that is so dear to the fisherman's ears. Peter had been a fisherman. His old life presented itself to him in all its fulness this morning. There was the heap of fish. What did the fish represent? They represented this world's goods. Indeed, as Peter's eyes fell upon the fish, I imagine that they were dazzled, and that the fish seemed to look like money—gold and silver coins. They offered to Peter his old home, his old environments, troops of friends, a soft bed, an easy chair, no respon-

sibilities, and no burden for humanity.

That pile of fish, young men, represented just those things. Peter stood and looked at them as I imagine some of you are now. Beside him stood Jesus Christ with blood marks on His hands. He stretched them out, pointing to the fish, and said to Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter turned his eyes away from the fish and replied, "Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Again Jesus asked, "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" Peter answered, "Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus, still unsatisfied, repeated the question: "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" Let us paraphrase a little: "Peter, cast your eyes about you. Seest thou these fish—your old home, this pleasant employment, those delightful friends, that cherished environment, that soft bed where you might lie supinely and dream pleasant dreams with no responsibilities and no burdens for a dying world?—Peter, lovest thou these more than me?" Then Peter, reflecting on all these things, answered, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." What did Jesus offer him? He did not offer him a soft bed, fine clothes, or a table loaded down with luxuries; He did not offer him money; in fact any of this world's goods. He offered him cold, hunger, stripes and pri-

sons, and a life of hardships in the wilderness seeking the lost. Nevertheless, Peter said, "Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

What desire is this in some of you young men and women? Tell me, if you want the world. Get up: go after it! Go out and get a job; walk around jingling money in your pocket and say, "It is mine; I am my own boss."

Ah! this is a wicked and perverse generation; these are a hard-hearted people that live today. They respect not God; they offer Him nothing. Are you one of them? Is there something back there in Pennsylvania, or New York State, or wherever it may be, that you are longing for? Go back to it! The world stretches out its arms for you. Go! the devil awaits you; he has everything you want. Go! Take it! Reject Jesus Christ! Cast Him out! Crown Him with thorns! Ah, some of you have tender, thankful hearts! O God! I wish you would awaken this congregation.

Peter went out all alone, away from home and all, out into the cold, waste wilderness to be dogged by the devil and persecuted, and finally to die on a cross. Well might we say that the last words that dropped from his lips were, "Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." At every hard blow of persecution, at every brutal knock since he had sworn

away the world, that great love for Christ burst out like a great geyser, and he exclaimed, "Lord; thou knowest that I love thee!" Where is your heart this morning? What is your purpose? God help you for Jesus' sake. What flimsy characters there are strutting about today claiming to be men! O God, give us some men and women that will go through hunger, privation, or even death for Jesus' sake! You effeminate young men, go out after the things of this world, if you want them! You may have them!

Just this week a person said he was serving God only because some one persuaded him to. How ungrateful, how unthankful, how despiteful to Jesus! Should you get to heaven, do you think you would blame anybody for your being there? I ask you to stop and think this morning. Do you owe anything to Jesus?

Stop! look! listen! every one of you. There stands One amid an angry, brutal, dogged, murderous mob. He utters not a complaint, not a sigh escapes His lips. Look! they spit on Him. Your faces are unmarred. They crowned His head with thorns. I do not see a drop of blood on your forehead. Would to God I could see the sweat of agony there. There He goes, weighed down under that cross, followed by that great crowd of human jackals; but not a word, not a groan, not a moan from Jesus,

underneath the weight of this world's sins. He is carrying all your sins—those sins of selfishness, perverseness, pride, ungratefulness, all! O God, everything is crushing down the Son of God! And there you stand young man without offering a helping hand. You have not the slightest emotion of sympathy or love for Jesus.

See Him, as He staggers beneath the heavy load. The last ounce of strength is going; He is sinking; He cannot bear the cross any longer. But you don't care. You mock at Him. You will bear no cross. You are dissatisfied if the crust is a little hard; if the bed is not soft; if things are not as nice as they were at home.

See Him now! They have ascended the hill, and there is the cross stretched out on the ground. The soldiers strip the meek and lowly Christ of every garment. They stretch Him on the cross. Ah! that is a soft bed, a soft bed. The rugged knots bore into the tender flesh—it is a soft bed! The soldiers take up the hammers and the spikes. Can't you hear the dull sound? Can't you see the quivering flesh of the Son of God? Oh the pangs that go through your Savior's body! See the twitching eyes. O Lord! I pray thee give this congregation a glimpse of the crucifixion.

Now, they have lifted the cross: it drops with its sacred burden into the mortised rock. Behold Him! There hangs your Savior: He who died in your stead. Listen! He utters no groan, no whimper, no complaint. But some of you can't stand one little rebuff, not an ounce of burden! "No," you say, "give me my old friends, my old surroundings, and my old pleasures. I will have none of this Christ, nor His lot."

If you want your old things, get up and go! You can have them. You can have sin. You can cherish it like a sweet morsel under your tongue. You can say the Lord's vineyard is a hard place, if you want to. You can shirk when you are given a little work for Jesus; you need not spend one hour for Him if you do not desire. You care nothing for those for whom Christ died. They can go to hell by armies and ship loads, why should you worry! Millions may starve for the bread of life, but you will not carry them a loaf. Millions may die of thirst; they would look to you in vain.

Yes, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him." You neither esteem Him nor His cause. Your esteem is self-esteem; your cause is your own. You want the world and personal gratification.

You want that luxuriously laden table you had back there, that nice home and all the other things. You want those old ungodly friends. You can have them, and you can go to hell with them. Go! the road is clear. Trains are running every day. Just start out; it is your privilege. Do like Lot's wife: look back on the city of destruction; but beware, she became a pillar of salt. I give you this warning; when you turn your back on Jesus Christ and quit His service, you will go to hell just as quick as one who has stolen or murdered, or committed any other crime. "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." You resist God after He has called you, and He will give you over to be damned.

If you have ever prayed for mercy, come to this altar and pray now. You will be a real man, or a real woman, worthy of eternal life, when you can say with Saint Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? * * For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor

things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

SERMON IX

THE PROOF OF INTEGRITY

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" —Job 13:15

HAVE often wondered why it is that man is so prone to become estranged from his Maker. He is not like others of God's creatures. Animals keep their place; they have no consciousness of a Creator and consequently do not feel responsible to Him. Morally speaking, there are no paths by which they may wander away. Because of man's capacity to think he feels independent. With the first production of an original thought, he thinks he knows more than God himself and gives Him a secondary place in his mind. Is not man an assuming creature! However great a man may be intellectually, however well he may reason about the causes and effects of things, if he cannot see underneath all the arm of God, or recognize Him as the fundamental cause, his philosophy is very shallow. How can one walk about and gaze upon God's handiwork and reason God out of exist-

ence, or even forget Him! The designs of the leaves, and the colors that are thrown upon the clouds by the setting sun, attract the eyes and attention of man, and yet he forgets the great Designer.

As I was walking along today looking upon the beauties of nature I could not help but feel that I was a part of it myself and in perfect harmony with God. Naturally, because of man's superiority over the animal, in that he is made after the image of God, he ought to be most familar with God, but as a rule he seems to be most unfamiliar. He is like the prodigal son: he wanders away. To know God is the supreme desire of my heart. I believe we can know Him as we do any one else. I believe that I can speak to God as I do to my mother or father. Though God is invisible to our natural eyes and we cannot hear Him with our natural ears, yet we can see and hear God in a spiritual sense. This familiarity with God is not attained except through righteous living. By familiarity with God we mean a spiritual understanding of Him, not only as a Creator, but as a Father in whom we may trust implicitly. Such a trust no unrighteous man experiences.

A certain statement in the Bible has appealed to me in an extraordinary manner of late. It is a statement that indicates the

deep spirituality of the person who spoke it. It is of such a character that it is probable that at the time it was first spoken there was no one else who could have said it honestly. Moreover, there have been few men since who have been able to repeat that same statement with the same integrity with which it was first spoken. To make this statement requires a knowledge of God; not a theoretical knowledge, but a personal knowledge. It means a familiarity with God and a most intimate communion with Him. Thousands have pronounced the name of God, and that reverently, who could not make this statement honestly. They have recognized Him as the Almighty, the only God, the jealous God, but at the moment when the thunder-bolts of His wrath, hurled from His lofty throne, are shaking the foundations of the world, they have not such trust in Him as to make this statement. Even more, men have revered Him as the beneficent Father of mankind, a Father of love, and have reasoned that all His ways are good and just, and that He will not deal unkindly with men, yet how many can say with Job, when their feet are on the threshold of death, and that, seemingly, a cruel death of judgment, how many I ask, can, with deep composure and confidence in God, stand up with Job before angels, men, and devils and say, "Though

He slay me, yet will I trust in Him?"

Herein is the test of righteousness. Herein is the proof of integrity. Herein there are no vain boastings. Here hypocrisy quails, and presumption, or false faith, whose function it is to deal with the imaginary, shatters itself upon the rocks of reality. It is only true Christian character and true faith that can stand and face destruction and death at the hand of God without trembling. This brings to mind the great question in the Book of Revelation, "Who shall be able to stand?"

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." This is an easy sentence to read, with easy words to pronounce. It is easy to feel the sentiment of it in imaginary troubles, when all is prosperity. But these words were not spoken by Job at such a time. No! they were the product of the deepest emotion at the most testing time. If Job had made this statement when his family was gathered about him in peace, when his flocks and herds were undisturbed, when he was in perfect health, in short, when the sun of prosperity was shining upon him in its golden rays of cheer, then this statement would not have much weight with us. But spoken as it was, at the time it was, we cannot help but weigh each word and pronounce Job a wonderful man.

Let us take a glimpse at the conditions about Job at this time. At one moment all was peace; at the next moment all was destruction. Job was suddenly hailed by a messenger who said, "The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them: And the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee." Job was surprised, but undisturbed. While this messenger was yet speaking there came another who said, "The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them: and I only am escaped alone to tell thee." With this Job surmised that God was dealing with him and uttered no word of complaint. While this messenger was yet speaking there came another and said, "The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee." Immediately came another messenger and said, "Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead." This

must have brought awful pain to the heart of Job. Such a message would have wrung from the mouth of an ordinary man the worst complaint or even blasphemy. But what did Job say? "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." What loftiness of character! What moral courage!

On the top of all this Job was stricken with a terrible disease. In this condition, instead of giving him help and comfort, his wife scorned him and suggested that he curse God and die, while his enemies stood about accusing him of every conceivable impiety. His children were gone, his wealth was gone, and he himself covered with boils. In this condition he said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Place yourself in the midst of these circumstances, search about in your hearts, and see if you have faith that would prompt you to make that statement. The other day when a terrible storm was raging and the lightning was flashing, I looked up toward heaven and said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." If you are a man of God, lightning can play about you and thunder-bolts cause the earth to quake beneath you, and you will have that trust in God which Job possessed.

To obtain this trust Job had to seek God;

to maintain it he had to wait upon Him in prayer and meditation. Few men before Job or after have known God as he did. Many have presumed to know Him, but their presumptuous familiarity has failed to be of any virtue in a critical time. Let the "earth be removed" and the "mountains be carried into the midst of the sea," and "the waters thereof roar and be troubled," then let them say with David, "We fear not," or with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

There are incidents in the life of Jesus in which He gave evidence of the greatest of trust in the Father. We cannot say that because He was the Son of God He need not have been moved in time of peril. Jesus was human, and subject to the same temptations that we are. God was invisible to Him in a sense, and He walked alone through this world. You will remember that when He was in the Garden of Gethsemane He seemed to be greatly troubled. The world had rejected Him. The disciples were not supporting Him. Dark Calvary loomed up before His vision, and the Father seemed to will that He undergo crucifixion. His human nature shrank at this awful prospect, and He said, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me: nevertheless thy will be done;" and we may appropriately add, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee."

Then, when suspended upon the cross surrounded by a scoffing world, the heavens black and threatening, seemingly forsaken of God, He looked up and said, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But had He spoken again we can feel His words may have been, "Though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust Thee."

When it comes to your humiliation, or the time of your crucifixion and you seem to be forsaken, not only of your dearest friends and relatives, but even God, to be able to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" requires the utmost integrity.

A different phase of this trust or faith in God is shown by the Syrophenician woman at the time when the was humiliated by Jesus in His calling her a dog. She believed Jesus was the Son of God, and her words were spoken from a heart full of such faith in Him as that of Job, when she answered Him, "Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the children's table"—"Though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust Thee." Have you ever been humiliated at the hand of God? Has He ever acted toward you as the unjust judge did toward the widow woman spoken of in the Bible, and did you complain, or did you say, "Though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust Thee?"

Let us so strive to know God and trust in Him that such words as Job's will come from our hearts unsolicited at the most trying time.

SERMON X

HOW BEAUTIFUL!

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings" —Isa. 52:7.

HE CHRISTIAN WORLD regards the work of Jesus as the most noble of any. We may imagine that ere He left His throne He meditated as to what would be the most noble way to spend His life on earth. Various avenues lay before Him, and we see His great love and wisdom in taking the one He did. There could have been no better way to live or greater office to fill, not only as the ambassador of God in this world, but as the Savior of mankind.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings" (Isa. 52:7). Jesus was indeed the Prince of princes, the King of kings. The sway of His scepter was bounded neither by earth nor sky. We insignificant creatures stand in awe when we look upon Him in His position, but our hearts are broken when we see Him without

His throne and scepter, as the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, toiling His weary way over the mountains fulfilling His mission of love.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." This verse has always had a good influence over my life. It gilded my vision like a rainbow when I was gazing upon the homely attraction of some earthly vocation. "Why not be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a politician?" asked Ambition. "Why not be a preacher of the Gospel and follow in the steps of Jesus?" asked Love. I resolved to follow the directions of Love.

Ambition suggested thoughts to Jesus, and so did Love. Jesus looked over the world and saw the same opportunities as other men. We forget that He was human, and that He faced the same temptations and crises in life that we do. Jesus reached a crisis when, giving up His own will, He said, "I came to do thy will, O God." Jesus came to the place where He sacrificed His own desires. He knew His life was going to end in an ignominious death on the cross, but if the will of God involved death He was content. "Lo, I come to do thy will." Every one of us can resolve to do the whole will of God. How many of you have your wills under your feet and are willing to conform

your lives to the will of God? Jesus was led into the wilderness where He was tempted forty days and nights amidst the wild beasts, their burning eyes flashing upon Him and their terrifying howls rending His ears. Satan in his fallen greatness was there also as His tempter. It was the critical time of Jesus' life. He saw in the wild beasts such enemies as He would encounter in men if He were to do the will of God. "Fall down and worship me," said Satan, stretching his hand out over the landscape dotted with cities and etched by the boundary lines of empires, "and I will give you all this." But from the lips of the Savior came the silent prayer, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" Jesus stood firm, and if He had not, you and I would not be here tonight. Shall we stand firm when we meet these crises in our lives? We all have wills. Time after time have I seen young men and women weigh their wills with that of God and have seen the balances tip fatally to the wrong side. Selfishness helped to tip the scales. God forbid that selfishness should outweigh the will of God.

Jesus was considered a blasphemer by the religious hierarchy of His day, but how differently we look upon Him! As He passed through the land there were in His trail those living who had been dead, and those who, blind but a few hours previous, were now seeing

and embracing loved ones upon whose faces they had never before looked. The lame healed, were walking about; the sick restored, were making their own beds; and the poor were meditating upon the Gospel of Peace. Yet the Pharisees in the higher classes of Jerusalem hated Jesus. He was not popular. He had to suffer a terrible death because of the life He lived. You and I will have to suffer too.

Recently I was reading of Jesus when He was before Herod. Herod had longed to see Him, as His fame had spread through Israel. "I have heard that thou canst perform wonderful miracles," said Herod. "Now if thou wilt perform a miracle I will not only give Thee liberty, but will fall down and worship Thee. If thou be the Son of God, cause the arm of that bronze statue to wave three times around its head. Nay, then I will give thee something easier. If thou be the Son of God cause that pomegranate to fall ripened at my feet." But Jesus neither did nor said anything. Herod grew angry. Meanwhile something got hold of him and his knees smote together. He was a wicked man and his faults far outweighed his virtues. He called Jesus an impostor. The soldiers who were present arrayed Him in a purple robe, planted a crown of thorns upon His head, and bowed in mockery

before Him. Here we see Jesus persecuted. If you stand true, people will persecute you and heap all manner of shame upon you. Herod could not pass judgment on that God-like man who stood before him so serene and calm. He saw something super-human embodied there. Friends, if you have Christ dwelling within, men may persecute you, but they see something in you that is not human, something that will abash them.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." No one ever fell down with love and kissed the foot-prints of Julius Cæsar or of Napoleon after they had heaped up the slain, cutting sanguinary paths through the world. Would you then be a Cæsar or a Napoleon? Attilla, that great barbarian chieftain, the so-called "Scourge of God," declared that no grass ever grew where his horses' feet had trod—certainly no fruition unto everlasting life.

But why not be a doctor, and invent some kind of remedy for the cure of consumption or leprosy, and thus help men? It can not be said that your remedy, while it cured one disease did not probably bring on another. The Gospel of Jesus Christ leaves no ill effects. It will not bind up the broken heart and break it again afterward. Why not be a lawyer, and take up only those cases which you feel are

right, and thus help men? It cannot be said that you, though ignorant of it, did not aid unjust causes. Why not be a senator and help to make good laws? Man-made laws as a rule work injustice somewhere. Thank God, there is a mission in life that every one of us can fill with the consciousness that we are not causing evil anywhere! Think of this great work. Start out through the country, if you will, and visit the homes of the people, leaving good tidings for the souls discouraged; stay the hand of death and see the sick healed by prayer, and I say you are doing the noblest work a mortal can do.

I visited a certain home this past summer and looked into the face of a broken-hearted woman. "Young man," she said, "I feel that I have crossed the dead-line. I have a son who has gone astray, and I am to blame," and she moaned pitifully. I studied her carefully and listened to her heart-breaking confession. I was convinced that she had repented time and time again. She was a victim of melancholy. Satan obstructed every ray of hope that might have found entrance into her dark soul. I pointed out to her the difference between crossing the dead-line and what was troubling her. She had scarcely dared to pronounce the name of Jesus for months. As I reasoned with her, her face began to lighten

and suddenly she exclaimed with her countenance all aglow, "Oh, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come!" I went away from there feeling elated on having some part among those who carry good tidings.

Sometime ago I heard a sermon by Bishop Hamilton. In his early days he had a circuit one hundred miles long. He had stopped at every home on the circuit but that of one man. This man said he would like to have him come, but felt his home was not fit for his entertainment. The preacher said he would go anyway. At the given time he rode many miles to an old cabin in the backwoods. He knocked at the door. It was opened to him by a man with a very sorrowful countenance. Being admitted he found that the only daughter of the home was sick with a terrible fever. The preacher asked the father if he had sent for the doctor. He said he had not, for the nearest doctor was twelve miles away. The preacher told him that should the girl die the neighbors might give him a great deal of trouble for not sending for the doctor. Bishop Hamilton promised the man he would watch over the bed while he went for the doctor. It was late in the night when the man, on horseback, started his twenty-four mile trip. The preacher waited patiently at his post. One, two, and three o'clock passed without

the sound of returning foot-falls. Finally they were heard, but they were those of one horse only and not two. The man broke into the house and fell sobbing at the bed of his dying daughter, asking if she were still alive. "Where is the doctor?" said the preacher. "He would not come; I had a standing debt with him." The Bishop then told him of a Physician who is always willing to come. The man threw up his hands in prayer. In a moment the little child turned over and fell asleep. The fever was gone; she was healed. Now friends, what work is more noble than that?

Another illustration: A young man was fighting in the foremost ranks in a bloody battle. Being zealous for his cause he was over-bold and lost both his eyes. He was taken to the hospital. When his eyes were dressed a missionary said to him, "Now, young man, it is time for you to learn to read." "Will you mock me in my blindness," he exclaimed. She placed in his hand an alphabet of raised letters for the blind. Having learned that in a short time she placed in his hands the Gospel of St. John. When she came back the next day, he cried out, "Oh, I know Him now! I know Him now!" In His blindness he saw. Did not this missionary let the captive go free? Love for humanity prompted

her deed.

Even animals are ready to lay down their lives for their friends. I once read of a leopard that escaped from a circus and attacked two children who were playing in the yard. A big Collie dog jumped upon him and thus diverted his attention from the children. The dog was killed, but the children were saved. A little girl at the age of three was just beginning to learn and was anxious to see everything that was going on. She liked to look out at the window, but it was too high. A big dog in the house would lie down under the window so that she could get on his back and look out at her leisure. It was only a little thing to do, but it was a dog that did it. What can a human being do? Can he not preach good tidings to the meek, bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, the day of vengeance of our God, and comfort all that mourn? (Isa. 61:1-3; Luke 4:18-19).

SERMON XI

THE LAMB OF GOD—THE SUBSTITUTE

"Who died for us" —I Thess. 5:10.

UPPOSE that you were on trial for your life, that you had been found guilty of a capital crime, and now find yourself trembling at the bar of justice waiting the dreadful verdict. A dark cloud hangs over the jury box; the judge's face shows deep concern, and he hesitates as he is about to speak. The crime was a capital crime, the punishment must be capital punishment,—the judge hesitates. The law provides that you shall die, the jury returns its verdict, and the judge passes the sentence. He speaks the words, each accent falling upon your heart with unmeasurable gravity. A sudden feeling of despair pervades your being and a storm of terror shatters your breast; your brow sweats; your eyes become glassy and your vision blurred; you reach fitfully to stay yourself; a vision of the death chamber flits before you. A hand is laid on your shoulder and you are lead away to the gloomy cell

where you are to await execution. The date is set, and death approaches silently and grimly stepping to the tick of the clock. Each minute redoubles your remorse and dark foreboding. You know that you are guilty, that the jury was just, and that the judge was not responsible. At last the fatal day arrives. The rising sun brings no ray of hope. You bite your lips and shudder and stare at the cold face of the clock. The executioner is preparing for the dreadful deed. You have stared in the midnight of fate for some deliverance,—but in vain. Now the grim visage of death is plainly discernible as he draws near. He lifts his bony arm to dispatch you, when suddenly something intervenes, a messenger announces that the verdict has been lifted from your head, that some one who loves you, some one whom you have never seen, insists on dying in your stead. You are lead from the death chamber, your life is now your own. But lo, as you pass out, a vision of ONE expiring on a cross comes before you—'tis Jesus; He died that you might live.

So it is with you who have been redeemed through faith in the blood of Jesus. You were guilty, the law condemned you, justice demanded your death, the Judge could do nothing but pronounce sentence. You felt the weight of your sins and the justice of your

sentence, but suddenly you looked up, and saw the Son of God making His way up the rugged hill bearing a cross for you. You saw Him nailed to the cross and you saw the blood and water flow from His side, and you realized that it was His love for sinners that prompted Him thus to suffer. And, as you beheld the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," your burden left and you stood a free man in Christ Jesus.

Did this ever happen in a literal sense? I wish to point you to one case which, perhaps, you never thought of in this light. When Jesus stood before Pilate to receive His death sentence, there was another person in prison under sentence of death. His name is familiar. It was Barabbas, the murderer. No doubt in the dread of his execution he had many times felt the nails driven into his hands and his legs broken by the soldiers. The time had come for him to die, but Jesus died for him. Did you ever think of that? The rabble cried, "Release unto us Barabbas."

So the people of this world were before the judgment seat of God condemned to die. They were guilty, the sentence of death had been passed upon them, and there was no hope unless some one should pay the penalty for their sins. No one could do this except Jesus. He came down from His throne in

heaven to deliver this world from the awful sentence of death. Read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and if your heart is so hard that you cannot shed tears, may the Lord pity you. It cost something for us to be able to rejoice as we do, but the world does not appreciate it. You may say our demonstration of joy is a travesty on religion, but friends Jesus Christ paid the price for our freedom, and He says, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

In ancient times it was customary to offer up human beings to appease the wrath of the gods. Mythology tells us that one time the people believed a great monster lived in the sea, and that at stated intervals he would come out and devastate the land for miles around. They did not know what to do to appease his wrath. Finally some one said the life of a human being would appease him. They cast lots to decide who should be sacrificed and the lot fell on a beautiful maiden. They then tied the maid to a great rock and the monster came and devoured her. This appeased his wrath for one year, but at the end of that time he came up again and another human being was sacrificed. Thus there was no permanent salvation for the people; there was no atonement once for all for their sins. Why was it that the sacrifices of the old dis-

pensation were not sufficient to atone for the sins of the world? What did these sacrifices represent? They represented the body and sufferings of Jesus Christ. All sacred history, previous to the crucifixion, points to Jesus, and every epoch in the history of the Jews leads step by step to Him.

I see Jesus as a babe in the manger, and I see Him at the age of twelve going about His Father's business. I see John the Baptist standing with his disciples on the banks of the Jordan when, suddenly, he points with his finger to a man standing among the throng, and, with the voice of a trumpet, cries out, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John saw the world, as it were, being led to the scaffold, and pointed to Jesus Christ as the only hope.

Immediately after His baptism by John, Jesus went into the wilderness, and it seems to me that I can see Him facing the cold world, facing sin, facing the ravenous beasts, facing hunger, sorrow and death. Jesus standing all alone fought the battle for you and me. He knew the black, blood-thirsty legions of hell and what it would mean to humanity if He did not win in the conflict.

Friends, He died for you and for me. What does the Bible say? It says that He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a

sheep before her shearers is dumb so He opened not His mouth. He bore our iniquities and by His stripes we are healed. He who never knew sin took sin upon His shoulders and bore it to the top of the Mount. As He hung on the cross bearing the sins of the world God the Father hid His face from Him, the sun refused to shine, the earth shook, and the rocks rent,—the Lamb of God was dying.

There never was a day in the history of the world that had so much meaning as the day that Jesus hung on the cross. How people can think of the scene of Calvary and yet remain indifferent is more than I can understand! Jesus died for us,—He was the propitiation for sins.

This world because of SIN was under the sentence of death. God is pure and holy, and everything that is not God-like is sin, and to sinners He decrees damnation. Jesus Christ the Son stood before the Father and said, "Let me die in their stead; let me die for their guilt. If they will accept my offering, they shall be free." At the time when there was no one in heaven or on earth who could bridge the gap, Jesus Christ did it. He conquered death, hell, and the grave, but it was at an awful price. Think of Jesus Christ standing there in the midst of those Roman soldiers with drops of blood upon His brow!

Think of Him before King Herod! Think of Him on the cross when they said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save"!

Jesus lived a life of innocence. He went about through that country healing the sick, raising the dead, and cleansing the lepers. He gave His life freely. He who was absolutely guiltless suffered the penalty of the guilty. Barabbas, guilty of the worst of crimes, was released. Is it unreasonable that we should fall at His feet and sing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all"?

SERMON XII

HE THAT LIVETH AND WAS DEAD

"The stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner" —1 Peter 2:7.

HE WORLD will never get rid of Jesus Christ. People may reject His messages, but they cannot set Him aside. They may refuse to recognize Him as Lord of lords and King of kings, but the time is coming when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess His right to rule and reign in the earth.

In the three years of His ministry, Jesus accomplished His mission in the flesh and sent His Spirit to abide with us forever. When one person suffered a martyr's death in the ages past, there were hundreds and even thousands who, actuated by the Spirit of Christ, would rise up in defense of the faith. When Bibles were burned, a whole sea of them came forth. The Pope set his agencies to work to destroy it, but soon the printing presses were turning them out, and they were sent to the four quarters of the earth. When

the edicts of the Almighty go forth, it is useless for humanity to make a protest. The Psalmist said, "For he spake and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." When the great Cæsar came to the throne and was so popular among the people, some of the older citizens of Rome were afraid that he was going to usurp too much power. One day while on his way to the Senate, a crowd gathered round him and he was thrust through with a dagger. Thus Great Cæsar fell. But Cæsar's spirit continued to live, and the principles for which he stood were carried out. It is said they killed Cæsar, but they could not kill his spirit.

"Bill" Sikes was a desperate man; he was full of evil spirits. One of his followers told him he was as full of the devil as the devil is full of himself. Sikes was a murderer; he killed a young woman who was about to report on him concerning some of his evil deeds. It was near three o'clock in the morning when he crept into her room and beat her to death. The deed was no sooner committed than the horror of darkness crept over him. As he passed out into the street, he seemed to hear the steps of some one behind him. He looked back and could see the clear outlines of the young woman whom he had murdered. He ran out of the city, but the spirit followed

him. Weary with his journey, he went into an old barn to rest, and the spirit followed him. Sikes was horrified. He had killed the girl, but he could not get away from her spirit. Finally when he had wandered for days and had been reduced to starvation, he went into an inn and sat down in a corner and asked for something to eat. An agent soon entered desiring to sell a preparation that would remove stains. The keeper of the inn said, "There is a man in the corner, talk to him." Turning to the man, he said, "I have something that will take the blood spot out of your hat." The poor criminal leaped to his feet and ran out of the house knocking over the table as he left. Thus his tracks were continually haunted. There are some things that people cannot get rid of, however much they may desire to do so.

The Spirit of Christ is in the world today. When He was on the earth, He was despised and rejected of men, and their hatred grew until they put Him to death. They cried, "His blood be on us, and on our children." They sought Him day and night, and finally got Him in their power. When His body was laid in the tomb, the powers of hell were jubilant, and His murderers celebrated their apparent victory. They said, "We have gotten rid of Him now." But, behold, after three days,

the bars of the tomb were burst and the Son of God came forth and stood in their midst, victor over Death, Hell and the Grave. And He has been walking through the world ever since.

The great problem everywhere is how to get rid of Jesus; but He is on hand to stay until sin and rebellion have been put down, and the last enemy has been defeated. While Jesus' disciples were waiting in the upper room for the Holy Spirit to come, hell was marshaling her forces to meet an army of invincible men and women who would go forth to preach the everlasting Gospel. When the Holy Spirit came, the 120 rushed down into the street and preached with tongues of fire. Soon 3,000 were added to their numbers. Wicked men had killed Jesus, thinking that by so doing they would get rid of Him and stop His work. But instead of one person there were soon thousands who were willing to lay down their lives that His generation might be declared in the earth. Preachers and evangelists, endowed with the Holy Ghost, went forth to show His wonderful works. They went everywhere. They went to Egypt and Rome and Macedonia spreading the holy fire. Paganism and idolatry went down before the preaching of the Gospel.

Jesus not only remained with His dis-

ciples, but His Spirit haunted those Jews who put Him to death. They could see those gentle eyes and quivering flesh as He hung upon the cross. The scene in Pilate's judgment hall, where they crowned Him with thorns and mocked Him and spat upon Him and smote Him with the palms of their hands, was ever fresh in their memory.

Pilate tried to get rid of Him by washing his own hands and declaring his innocence, and tonight in perdition he may still be trying to free himself from guilt, but the stains of blood cannot be washed from his hands. Judas tried to get rid of Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. But see him later, bringing back the money to those with whom he had bargained, and stealing away in the darkness to commit suicide. Today Judas is wandering through the trackless regions of damnation trying to get rid of Christ.

All down through the ages people have tried to get rid of Christ, but try as they may, they cannot. Every person must decide for or against Him. He must be accepted or rejected; there is no way for any one to escape this decision upon which the eternal destiny of the soul depends.

SERMON XIII

CHRIST'S CONDESCENSION AND SERVICE

"Then said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God" —Heb. 10:9.

AM RIVETED to the book of John. Some way or other I cannot get out of it. Nearly every sentence that John wrote is weighted down with wonderful thought, and if we study his Gospel carefully I am sure that we shall be carried out of our common realm of thinking. It has been said that John endeavored to picture out the mysteries connected with the divinity of Jesus. The first three Gospels are written in more of a narrative style, but, as you know, John was the Revelator, and his nature was such that God saw fit to unfold to him the higher phases of Christ's nature. In this sense the book differs from the others. If you read it with the Holy Spirit's interpretation you will see things as John saw them. I have spent the past two months on the first four chapters and I am not through the fourth yet.

Every verse will stand being used as a text.

I have had on my mind the mission of the children of God, and have seen it as it was set forth in the life of Jesus. I have tried to see it in all sincerity by the help of God, and there is an incident in the fourth chapter of John that has helped me to enlarge my vision. We all know the purpose of Jesus in coming into this world, yet I dare say there are but few of us who stop to consider it as we should. Jesus came with one view in mind, and that He made plain when He said, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me,) to do thy will, O God" (Heb. 10:7). Jesus came into this world to do the will of the Father. God saw a fallen world, a prodigal world, infected with sin and under the power of a fallen angel. His love was so great that even though the world was in such a condition that He could scarcely stand to look upon it, He gave His only begotten Son that through His suffering and death the world might have redemption. What condescension to take on himself the form of man and suffer on the cross! Let us consider this great condescension, and see from what heights He came and to what depths He went, that He might accomplish the will of the Father.

Jesus, the richest of all beings in the universe, became a poverty-stricken man. Jesus,

whose robes were the blue heavens and whose jewels of adornment were burning suns and stars, was seen a pedestrian upon the dusty highway. Jesus, who made all things, had nowhere to lay His head. Jesus, whose crown was that of eternal dominion, consented to wear a crown of thorns. Jesus, before whom angels and archangels bowed in submission and reverence, consented to take the roughest and vilest treatment a mean world could offer. Jesus condescended to come from the highest heights of heaven down to a fallen world, and for what? To save you and me; this was the will of His Father. These thoughts inspired in me something deeper and wider than I can express. God help you to see it!

Behold helpless, dying humanity tonight as God sees it. His heart was moved with pity, the heart of Jesus was moved with pity, and your heart will be moved with pity. Real devotion to the cause of humanity actuated Jesus in His condescension. He did not beg that some one go in His place. Why did not Jesus remain in heaven and appoint some one else to redeem the world? Firstly, because no one else could do it. Secondly, He wanted to give an example of what you will have to do. You will have to leave all and go yourself to help rescue fallen man; you cannot get any one to do it for you.

Tonight I see the Son of God in the form of a human being fulfilling His mission. All His deeds and words bespeak that purpose. I have found as the source of my inspiration the fourth chapter of John where Jesus came weary and tired to the well of Samaria. Now behold what the great work of Jesus was,—that calling for which His heart throbbed. Jesus was tired and sat down by the well, and, finally, a woman came out to get water. He asked her for a drink of water, but He did this merely to draw her out. His purpose was to give her a drink of the water of life, and He told her that if she knew who it was that was asking her she would turn around and ask of Him. He opened up the fountain of life to her and one taste of its waters caused her to leave her pots and hasten to the city and tell the people about Jesus.

When the disciples came and found Him talking with the woman and were not able to induce Him to eat, they could not understand His actions. But He said to them, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." What was that meat? It was the will of God, and the will of God is to open up the fountain of life to famishing souls. That was His joy; that was His purpose. He did not care for His own welfare when He could be so occupied.

This His disciples could not understand. There was Jesus in that hungry, tired condition, resting His body and satisfying His hunger by giving to that woman the water of life. May we not become so deeply engaged in this calling that we will not care whether we have a place to lay our heads or not, whether we can gingle any money in our pockets or not. When you get to that place you will not settle down to enjoy the comforts of life. You will lay these things aside and start out with a determination to give water to the famishing multitudes. That was the calling of Jesus, and the will of God.

"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." It was not merely that one little deed of giving the water of life to the woman. He had some other things to go through. He had already endured forty days fasting and temptation in the wilderness where He refuted the arguments and rejected the offers of the devil. He had to sacrifice the pleasures of this world for a crown of thorns. He went through things that no one else will ever have to go through. Imagine the agony of His crucifixion; no suffering ever equalled it. After the soldiers had nailed Him to the cross and railed on Him, and He had suffered until it was enough, He cried, "It is finished," and all the world could now

go free. Upon Calvary was opened that Rock from which sprang in leaping, bounding cataracts the waters of life. Millions have drunk of it and quenched their thirst. As Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, so was Christ smitten on Calvary. They pierced Jesus, but what came of it? To open that fountain was His mission, and this was done when His side was pierced. This was His meat and drink. What is your meat and drink tonight?

I want to take up one other phase of this subject. I cannot see how any one in this world can waste his time, in the light of Jesus' life, and the calling of high heaven. In expressing the expediency of the work, Jesus said in the same chapter, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Friends, the grain is bending low, and are you going to waste your time with the fleeting things of this life and let the harvest waste away? What are you going to do? Are you going to sink down into the same state of lethargy that you have been in, when the harvest is over-ripe? A wheat field does not stay in a ripe condition very long until the grain is scattered by the winds, or the wild beasts destroy it. So in the spiritual field. Even now the beasts of heresy are

breaking in and working havoc. Did you but realize this fact as you should, you would go forth with sickle and do all in your power to gather the grain. You would not be tied up to your own interests or be tinkering with your own experience. If I could picture out this world as it lies before you tonight you would not think of taking it easy. Harvest-time does not last long; it is but a short time. Soon the snows will begin to fall and the storms will be upon you. Can you not see those storm-clouds gathering? Can you not hear the distant mutterings of the thunder and see the jagged lightnings of God's wrath? Do you not hear the direful sounds of the approaching tribulation?

I do not want to come to the Judgment empty handed. I do not want to have the books opened and my record looked over and find that I have done nothing. I do not want it said that I laid down in the corner of the field somewhere and nursed my feelings. I do not want it said that I wasted my life working for the devil, or in any cause than that of Jesus. What are you going to do? The world lies before you. Millions are perishing for the water of life while most of the professed Christians are settled down under the shade of their profession, eating and drinking and giving loose rein to their passions. If

there is anything vexing it is to see professed Christians cursed with spiritual laziness. People have no more idea of what the cross is or what Jesus Christ went through in this world than dumb brutes, and yet they claim to be working for God. They would not get up and bestir themselves in behalf of one soul, let alone spend their life at that kind of work. Say not that in two or three months you will go into the harvest-field. You are liable to wake up and find that the trumpet of God has sounded and your opportunities have passed. Are you content to throw away your months and years? The average life of man is only about forty years, and yet people say, "Just one or two more years, and I will get into the Lord's work." I do not know what you expect to do, the work of God is meat and drink to me. The sweetest bread and the sweetest drink that heaven can afford is the service of God. As long as I have the consciousness that I am doing the will of God, it is sweeter to me than all the dainties this world can afford.

SERMON XIV

SEEING JESUS

"Sir, we would see Jesus" —John 12:21.

IVE WORDS have been ringing in my ears during the past week. I have not deliberated very much upon them, but I think they have great significance. There were once two or three Greeks who came to Palestine having heard about a certain Person who was creating a great stir. They came to see Him. Meeting His disciples, they said to one of them, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

I think most of you want to see Jesus. If you want to see the things of this world, just start out and you can see plenty of evil things —poverty, suffering, pomp, ceremony, tinsel, show, etc. Moreover, you might see many good things that God has created, if you wish to do so. It depends on what you want to see. You can look into a puddle of muddy water and see the sky, but if you are hunting for reptiles, microbes and filth, you might see them too.

There are many things that you can set your

heart on also: some are noble and some are accursed. But there is only one object that you can set your heart on and be right. For my part, I want to see Jesus and know Him better. To know Him brings wonderful consolation. When I see hundreds of young men, as I do almost every day, who want to see other things, I rejoice to know that those things have little attraction for me. Christ is not in those men's thoughts. To them He is not in nature—the flowers, the rocks, the sky, the stars, or the sun. They think that cold science and cold philosophy are the only things worth while.

I wish to take you back to an incident that happened away off in the East, perhaps in Syria, where a few men became tired of things as they knew them. They talked over the universities where the smooth tongues of the pagan prophets were canting nonsense. Every day these godly men stared the mystery of life in the face, and they could not understand it. One night they stood and looked at the heavens and were enraptured with the glitter of myriads of stars. They had concluded that the mystery of life could not be solved by men's intellects. While they gazed into the heavens, a new and brilliant star burst out and cast its silvery rays down upon them. It so enraptured them that they

were almost transported. "There is our hope," they cried, and they decided immediately to go in pursuit of this wondrous moving star.

They resolved to follow it until they found the Shiloh of prophecy, regardless of where it might lead them. All Babylon and Syria could not stop them. Their wives may have said, "What will become of us and the children?" The politicians may have said, "The election is near at hand, and if you start off now you will not get the office you are after." Someone else said, "You will not get the pastorates of those churches you want if you follow that star." But like Bunyan's Pilgrim, they put their fingers in their ears and started, crying, "Life, life, eternal life."

Nothing could stop them; they had started out to find Jesus, and the cries of friends, relatives and others were in vain. They had made up their minds to forsake this world and all that it could offer them.

Probably some one approached them and said, "Gentlemen, we are going to have our annual ecclesiastical assembly, and if you will not be in such haste, all the perplexing questions will be cleared up." But they cried, "Give us Jesus. We are tired of intellectual bombast and human solutions." I can see them mounting their camels and starting out.

Some people have a mania for traveling. They want to see things; and to be sure there is a great deal in the world to be seen. But these men passed through great Babylon, and had no desire to visit the bazaars, or sip wine with the notables. They might have stopped to see the wonders of that city, but the museums and other places of interest had no attractions for them. They struck right out across the desert. It was hundreds of miles across the desert, but they followed the star and determined not to have their attention diverted until they found the object of their desire.

There was a mystery about the star and they wanted to unravel it. They kept on, and every day a wider stretch of burning sand lay between them and their loved ones at home. These men received the title of "Wise Men" because they said they would give everything to find Jesus. No doubt the finger of scorn was pointed at them as it is at people today who have forsaken all to follow Christ. They kept on until their hearts were gladdened by the first rays of the dim lights of the city of Jerusalem.

The wise men knew, according to tradition, that a King was to be born who would rule the world, and had seen His star in the East. Perhaps they had read in the Scriptures that a Branch should come out of the stem of

Jesse. No doubt they were looking for Him in the palace of a king. They went to Herod and told him that they had heard there was a prince to be born, and they thought surely he would know about it.

But Herod scowled, and said, "I have not seen such a person. If you find Him let me know, so that I can come and worship Him too." Herod was planning to take the young Prince's life, but however much he desired it, he was unable to see Jesus. The scripture says, "that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called."

Out of Jerusalem the wise men went, down the road to Bethlehem. "Surely," they thought, "we will find Him in the best part of the town." But the star led them on, through the poorest section, and paused over an inn.

"Surely He must be in the best room in the inn," they thought. But there was no place in the inn for Jesus, and the star continued to lead the way until it stood over a stable, and there, in a manger, in the midst of the camels and sheep, they found Jesus. There was the Prince of Life, the King of kings and Lord of lords, yea, the King of the universe,—God himself in the form of an infant. The star above cast its rays of light on the baby countenance.

The wise men had brought frankincense, gold, and myrrh. They prostrated themselves and worshiped Jesus. After they had offered up their gifts they returned to the land of their nativity to tell the wonderful story of the new-born King.

In the meantime the Judæan shepherds saw a great light in the heavens and heard the angels singing, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

After Jesus was baptized by John in the Jordan, two or three persons met Him and said, "Master, where dwellest thou?" And Jesus answered, "Come and see." The question as to where Jesus dwells is a profound mystery to men today. Jesus sits on the seat of universal power, but men with great intellectual attainments are not willing to credit Him with occupying this place. They would rather find the seat of power occupied by any one in the world but Jesus.

Jesus does not take people across the sea to St. Peter's great Cathedral, that took hundreds of years to build, and say, "This is my abode; this is the place that man has built for me." He cares nothing about the magnificent structures that have cost millions. He looks upon most all such as mere idolatrous shrines, and has chosen the heart of man whom He created in His own image, as the place of His

abode, while the devil has captured most of the so-called places of worship.

A geologist once dug some bones out from under some rocks and said to his students, "Gentlemem, here is your ancestor—a four-legged, five-toed animal with a tail," and some were foolish enough to believe it. But the Bible says that God created man out of the dust. Some of the college professors now are trying to tell us that the Bible and evolution harmonize, but how can this be possible when they claim that man came from quadrupeds or monkeys, or something else. At what stage of development did the heart of the monkey or any other animal became a fit dwelling place for Christ?

If the worldly-wise would only repent of their sins, they would no longer vainly puzzle their brains over the problems of life. They would find Him for whom the Wise Men sought. The illumination of His Spirit would drive away all their doubts and fears.

Jesus once walked along the road, and a great multitude followed wanting to see Him. There was a woman in the crowd with a disease of long standing. She made up her mind to see Jesus, and to touch the hem of His garment. I can see her pushing her way through the crowd. She reached out and touched Him, and virtue went out of Him.

Instantly she was healed. Others were bumping up against Jesus, but they received nothing of Him. She, however, came in contact with the power that set the universe in operation, and was made perfectly whole.

Thousands today, who profess to know Christ, have never really touched Him. Only those who meet Bible conditions can know His power to heal and save.

Blind Bartimæus, a beggar on the road, wanted to see Jesus, and when the multitude came by he cried at the top of his voice, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." The disciples rebuked him and said, "Trouble not the Master," but he cried the more, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

Jesus heard the cry of the poor, blind beggar and asked to have him brought. He asked him what he would have. Bartimæus replied, "Lord, that I might receive my sight," and instantly he received his sight.

Zacchæus wanted to see Jesus. He was not much larger than a monkey and he went up the tree like one. He crawled out on a limb where he could look into the face of the Master as He passed by. No doubt there were those in the crowd who made fun of him. But Jesus looked up and saw him and said, "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for today

I must abide at thy house." When God says, "Come down," you had better obey. Whenever Jesus sees that you want Him more than anything else in the world, He will come in and sup with you.

Most people are on a pedestal, but they will have to come down into the dust of humiliation and smite their breasts and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," before they ever find Jesus.

SERMON XV

ALL COMPREHENSIVE—THE GOSPEL

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth"—Rom. 1:16.

OFTEN THINK of what a lack of harmony there is in the religious world. Ever since I was a small boy I have always had an aversion to discord in religion. I have watched my mother and others who were engaged in religious work, since I was six years old and have sat in judgment on people. I would say to myself, "I don't like this or that person, because he is not well balanced." The great thing that gave me confidence in religion was the fact that my mother was not narrow-minded. I have talked many times about how big a thing salvation is, but have been unable to tell it. The religion of Christ encircles the whole universe.

As regards politics or things of that nature, I do not care if we as a church encompass the world if I can keep God's blessing upon me. Politics and education will not have any detrimen-

tal effect upon me if I keep interested in souls. Many people cannot run on two tracks at once. If they take up with politics they run off on that, or if they try to get an education they run off on that, and lose God out of their lives.

When I was small a certain person came to our Bible School with a view of entering missionary work. My mother, the superintendent, said she would give him a chance, and to see if he thought more of the Lord than he did of gratifying his physical appetites, during her conversation with him she said, "We eat only two regular meals a day." He wished to make a good impression and said, "Don't worry, I eat only one." So far as the Bible is concerned I have never seen anything in it that said we should eat one or two or three meals a day. I knew at once that that person was a fanatic. In my early life I watched very carefully to see if the salvation my mother had would make her narrow. I believe, as my uncle once said, that if you get salvation it will burst its bounds and go beyond preconceived ideas of things.

Saint Paul was a philosopher, and I do not believe there ever was a man in the world's history that accomplished what he did. There is one verse in his letter to the Romans that has been preached on thousands of times and will be used thousands of times yet. It is this:

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." What does that verse mean? I remember hearing my brother say that some one asked him what the Gospel was, and a person standing by said, "It is the power of God unto salvation." I look back at the condition of the world at the time of Paul and see Paganism on every hand. The stoics decided after much discussion that the way to become righteous was to subsist on pure thoughts. There was another class, the Epicurians, who believed in getting everything they could out of life. In Jerusalem the people had synagogues, and teachers and Pharisees to unfold the law: but they had everything but the right thing. Paul said that trust in these things is useless, that the Gospel must save the soul. He exclaimed, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel." I am not prepared to say much on this chapter just now, but I intend to talk on it some time so you can understand it. There are times when one sees things with an indefinite outline. I know that we ought to persevere in Bible study. It has been said, over and over again that intellectual laziness is the worse kind of laziness. One feels disgusted with it. God gave us brains, and the reason we are above the animals is because we have the faculty of reasoning and the power

of speech. You may say that you have not the intellectual capabilities that others have. Some of the greatest philosophers may not have had intelligence superior to yours, but the secret of their success lay in their perseverance.

The verse I have quoted submits a lifetime study. How does the Gospel work? It works in two ways: to the salvation of those who believe it, and to the damnation of those who do not. Is the Gospel all summed up in the redemption of mankind? No, it takes in God. It is infinite mercy and infinite wrath.

The Gospel may be compared to a snow-ball. It is a little thing at first. The more you roll a snow-ball the bigger it gets. And if you continue to roll, it will get bigger still. The Gospel encompasses everything,—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual man. It is not a two by four affair. I once got down on my knees and said, "Lord, let me see into this thing," and He pulled aside the curtain and let me take a look at it.

One proof that we are of the Church of God is the fact that we are not narrow; we are branching out. If we represent the Lord on the earth we will do it intelligently. We will use different methods of operation and not be afraid of an open door. The Lord has surprises for us everywhere. There have been times when I had the tendency to look on the

dark side of things, and to judge from appearances rather than from actual facts. I would look down the line and see the Pillar of Fire coming to a new epoch, and must confess that I had some grave apprehensions that it might prove to be a failure.

Our enemies, of course, would have been glad had we met with disaster and defeat, but to their disappointment their desires were not gratified. God's wonder-working power has brought us safely through every difficulty. There are those who live in a peck measure and are so narrow as to think that about all there is to those who represent the cause of Christ is the clothes they wear. We are not hobbyists, nor do we magnify non-essentials. There is such a thing as straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. But we are representing Jesus Christ on the earth,—a Christ from whom emanates all knowledge and truth.

At college oratorical contests the students often discuss the evils of the day. The argument often is that evil is getting a strong hold on every avenue of social and business life, and that something must be done. Many of these things may be out of the sphere of the average professor of religion, but one who has the interest of humanity at heart cannot be totally indifferent to them. In the outer circles there are those who live, think and act,

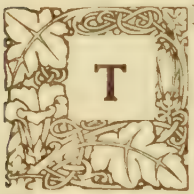
and if we would reach them with the Gospel we must approach them on their own ground. This may be through political, educational, business, or other channels; hence Paul said, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" (I Cor. 9:22).

I believe that God is in everything. I believe that the birds, the trees, the flowers, and the grass represent God. How any one can doubt the existence of God after studying the world and looking up into the heavens and seeing the sky studded with myriads of lights, is a mystery to me. If you should go to Greece or Rome and see the ruins of their temples and halls of fame, the first thing you would want to know would be who was the architect. You would not consider that any one was endued with proper faculties of mind who would say such buildings came by chance. You may look at the stars of heaven and behold the beauties of nature and say there is no God, but remember the words of Scripture: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God" (Psa. 14:1). God made himself manifest in this world through His works. He created this world, and how such men as Paine and Ingersoll can be considered philosophers is something I cannot understand. One cannot help but look upon such persons as being mentally deficient. They are to be pitied rather than censured.

SERMON XVI

COME AND SEE

"They said unto him, Rabbi. . . . where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see"—John 1:38,39.



HE SUBJECT of my talk last Sunday evening was found in the 29th verse of the 1st chapter of John. My text this evening is the 38th verse of the same chapter. It consists of a question and its answer, which were made as a result of John's once more exclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God," this time in the presence of two disciples, to whom this exclamation was of great import, as we shall see.

They had all confidence in the Baptist and realized the force of the statement as they looked into His face, flushed with emotion and admiration at the sight of the Son of God. John knew Jesus. He was the first to identify Him in the sense of His Messiahship. It was his joy to do so, and he was only too glad to acknowledge Jesus as his superior.

As they looked upon the Lamb of God,

they felt a strong drawing toward Him, and no doubt followed Him in a most child-like manner. Jesus turned and addressed them; and the disciples, I imagine, being somewhat embarrassed, said, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?"

Jesus said, "Come and see."

The next verse says that they spent the day with Him. We are not told what happened, but it must have been a wonderful day for the disciples. This is evident from a statement they made at the close of the enterview with Him. Upon meeting their friends they exclaimed, "We have found the Messiah." This they said with a feeling of emotion that they had never had before and which can only be experienced on the occasion of a wonderful discovery.

Let us now consider the significance of the question: "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" It is perfectly natural for people to seek the dwelling of Christ. A man once found a diamond, which proved to be the most valuable diamond in the world. It was not picked up on the public highway, but off in a secluded place in an embankment. So Jesus, the greatest of all discoveries, was found in a lone place. There were only two or three persons with Him during this notable interview; and who were they but representatives of the most humble class?

But what are the rest of the people doing? I can see the multitudes tonight thronging the broad way, participating in gay festivities. I can see the rich in their gorgeous apparel, be-decked with jewels, worshiping in the temples of false religions, and offering sacrifices to unknown gods. I can see the great men of Greece poring over the profound question of philosophy, and the doctors of Israel discussing the deep questions of theology, little realizing that the answer to all their queries was sitting surrounded by a few humble persons in some lone spot unknown to any one.

Now let us go back to the disciples' question, "Where dwellest thou?" This question has been asked in a thousand different ways. Those men felt themselves in the presence of some One infinitely superior to themselves. They had that feeling natural to every one of us when we desire to be in the presence of those whom the world holds in admiration. Did you know that it is in the nature of man to reach out for something higher than himself? In other words, man is ambitious. In most cases this ambition is not genuine, as says John Ruskin in his Sesame and Lilies.

Do you desire to move in the society of the great, to shake hands with Shakespeare, to have had an hour's talk with the "Immortal

Author" of Paradise Lost; or to be included in the retinue of kings and queens and participate in their royal ceremonies? Do you desire to stand in courts and be permitted to kiss the royal hand or to receive the title of Lord or Lady? Do you gaze upon the palatial dwellings of the rich and long to take up your abode there? Ah, I can tell you how to realize your ambition in a wider and more glorious sense. The injunction is, "Find where Jesus lives."

It may be that your ambition is of a religious nature. Would you like to have stood in the presence of Daniel, at the sublimity of whose character the world has wondered for ages? Or, would you like to have looked upon the face of Moses the great lawgiver; or to have spent an hour with Elijah, whose personalty was such that Ahab trembled in his presence? Do you want to know the secret of these men's lives, the source of their inspiration? Find out where Jesus lives.

Would you know Jesus? Then come to Him with that simple child-like question, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou." Follow Him to His dwelling-place, and you will find Him the prince of philanthropists and appreciate Him as the Divine Author of the Sermon on the Mount, a piece of literature which has never been excelled in the world's history;

nor is there anything worthy of comparison with it. Should you continue to dwell with Jesus you would hear a voice speaking out of heaven, "This is my beloved Son." Further still, you would see heaven and earth blended on the Mount of Transfiguration in vindication of His divinity. In the presence of such a being it is possible for you to live. Could the society of any human being, whether king, literary genius, or philosopher be compared with that of the Son of God?

Farther in this same chapter we have Jesus meeting with Nathaniel, who had expressed a desire to see Him. The scene and the words spoken at this introduction of Jesus to Nathaniel may embrace my whole line of thought. When Jesus had told him that He saw him when he was under the fig tree, it was the first evidence, and seems to have been conclusive evidence to Nathaniel, that Jesus was the Messiah; and he forthwith exclaimed, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Jesus said, "Do you believe that because I said I saw you under the fig tree? you shall see greater things than that. I tell you in a solemn truth that you shall see heaven opened wide and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." How wonderful this statement! My friends, do you believe tonight just because of one or

two little manifestations? If so, your faith is unquestioned. But hereafter you also may see heaven opened wide and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.

This passage signifies wonderful revelations. God forbid that we should be blind to them. God forbid that we should be so indifferent as not to follow after Jesus with intense eagerness to find where He lives. If you wish to be carried away in thought, yes, even transported in being to higher realms, to realms of which you dream as you gaze upon the grandeur and the mystery that is portrayed in the beautiful summer clouds that reflect the light of the sun as they sail so gracefully across the blue sky, come and see where Jesus lives. We need not live in the spiritual world like blind men in the physical world, to whom the beauties of nature are a closed book. They never see, they never look up into heaven and behold the myriads of twinkling stars, or gaze upon the glorious scenes of earth. We need not be deaf to the spiritual world as some men are in the physical world, to whom the sweetest harmonies of music have no meaning. Nay, if you are not deaf to spiritual things you will now and then hear strains of music wafted by some heavenly gust from the shores of immortality that

will fill you with ecstasy. Neither need we be dumb to the spiritual world as men are in the physical world who can never communicate with the natural voice to their dearest friends. Nay, we may commune with Jesus and He with us. His words will be to us as drops of honey upon our souls.

Let us imagine now that we see heaven opened wide. Jesus is in heaven, and to know where Jesus lives it is necessary that we at times should have visions of heaven. I can see the great white throne. Seated upon it is God the Father; at His side sits Jesus in all His glory.

The scene changes: we are led to the different departments of heaven's grandeur. I can see Jesus as the great engineer at the lever of the universe. I can see the worlds moving in perfect harmony at His command. I can see Him as the architect of the skies, and imagine myself with Him as He traverses the heavens seeking a place to locate another world. Moreover, I can see Him as the great foreman directing the angels as they lay the stones of heaven's palaces in place.

Again, I imagine I see Him in a different character, riding on His white charger at the head of heaven's hosts, as they wage warfare against Lucifer and his legions. You say you would like to have stood in the presence of

Alexander or of Cæsar; but here before your eyes is the greatest military genius in the history of the universe. And since He has always been victorious and always will be victorious, I imagine I see Him seated upon His throne as kings and princes bow before Him and cast their crowns at His feet. Here I see the retinue of His court. I see the saints of old arrayed in royal apparel—those of whom we have previously spoken, Daniel, Moses, Elijah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. These men and myriads of others have had conferred upon them by heaven's royal decree the title of kings and priests as a reward for faithfulness here on earth. In this wondrous court I expect some time to stand. There we all may stand though we may never be permitted to look upon the face of an earthly monarch.

Jesus is not only our King, but He is also our Bridegroom. We speak of Him as our coming King, and we look for Him as a bride who waits for her bridegroom. We associate with Him the marriage nuptials, the gardens and vineyards, as Solomon did. I see Jesus in the midst of the gardens; His countenance is like the sun, His eyes are full of love, and His breath is sweeter than the aroma of flowers. Friends, come and see where Jesus lives.

SERMON XVII

WAR, THE SCOURGE OF GOD*

EREMIAH called Nebuchadnezzar God's battle-ax. Isaiah saw Sargon as the rod of God's anger, and the staff of His indignation. These two militant kings were used by God severely to punish Israel for her wickedness. It has thus seemed that God has utilized war as a scourge wherewith to effect His chastisements.

At this moment the greatest and most cruel war of all time is waging. "Hell is turned loose" on a fair portion of the earth; the things that be in the moral, social, and political life of many peoples are undergoing a stupendous cataclysm; and the destinies of nations are in the balances.

Can it be that the bitter vexation of this war has come upon mankind through God's sovereign Providence? Here is a problem for the nations. Even America, though now enjoying tranquillity, might, with profit, give this question a little thoughtful attention.

*Delivered at the University of Denver, Jan. 14, 1916.

Not long since, the whole world, through wondrous strides of evolution and civilization, was thought to be safe beyond the pales of war. Now, that this idea has proved false, it is painfully lamented that civilization has failed, and that the war has wrought irretrievable destruction upon progress.

But, in reality, civilization has not failed, in that it could not rightly have been expected to do any better. Our boasted civilization was not a non-belligerent civilization. It seemed so highly commendable in time of peace only because it was not provoked to war. Furthermore, who will deny that it winked at monstrous evils—evils which, if they do not engender war, are sisters to it?

Now that war has revealed the true nature of our civilization, it may be hoped that the war will eventually prove beneficial rather than destructive to progress.

It has been, until recently, a popular theory that man was about to develop wings, that he was becoming so learned and righteous that he would soon be absorbed into God, and that the long-looked-for Millennium was at his door.

Was this reason or folly? The Millennium with brazen-faced militarism! The Millennium with political corruption and graft! The Millennium with tyranny and oppression! The

Millennium with hypocrisy, world-wide skepticism and infidelity! These things cannot and never will go together!

Indeed! I see Universal Peace, bashful, modest maiden that she is, standing on the threshold of Evil's citadel. The whole family of Crime is within, safe behind the impregnable walls of tradition, custom, and law. Will she care to enter? Not soon, I think!

Note, if you will, just a few facts concerning two or three of the warring nations to determine whether or not a sword-girt angel of wrath might have stood at their door rather than an angel of peace.

Was England too righteous for war? Says a prominent English writer, "England should call to mind her inordinate love of pleasure, her diminished respect for the law and authority of God, and her neglect for the ordinances of religion." But call to mind a predominating evil of hers. The common people, the life of the nation, have recklessly and dissolutely committed themselves, men and women alike, to the embrace of Dissipation. How often in London, even on cold wintry nights, may visitors see mothers standing at the bar-room doors drinking beer, with shivering, stunted, half-clad babies at their breasts—babies with chilled little feet and arms, and toes wriggling in the cold!

Mothers! Mothers! Why don't you buy clothes and food for the children? But there is little maternal response in the purple, bloated faces of those mothers.

Yes, England is drunk! And who owns the chief stocks in the breweries? Along with the nobility, the clergy of the English churches! That pious, righteous hierarchy of religion in Great Britain, thrives on the revenue from poverty and crime. Could God have a message in this war for England?

There, too, is Germany. How godless she has become! "Today," says Bishop Hurst, "the humblest peasant in Germany will stare in wonder as you speak of the final judgment, the immortality of the soul, or the authenticity of the Scriptures." And is not Germany the seat of rationalism and materialism? Is it not broadly taught in Germany by the followers of Nietzsche that we should abjure the ultra-mundane, fix our hopes to the mud flats of this world, and reject as fools those who talk of immortality? Germany may be thoroughly satiated with materialism ere this war is over that she will long for immortality!

Moreover, is it not in Germany that the followers of Bebel are fast multiplying, who teach that licentious "free love" is to supplant the sacred family? After war's ruthless raid on the family, it may stubbornly recoil against

any further invasion!

Witness a squad of soldiers hunting for arms in Belgium. They approach a cottage in which they find a mother and her little girl. Searching the loft, they discover a young lad with a gun and drag him out. An order for execution is given. The boy, the idol of the home, stands without blind-folded, pale, and with upstretched arms. The mother wrings her hands and crys, "For God's sake, spare my boy!" and the little sister weeps as though her heart would break. "Ready! Fire!" commands the captain. The rifles flash, two little holes appear in the lad's vest, and he sinks down dead. Hot tears drop on his face, and the brutal squad marches on to perpetrate another crime,—probably to desecrate sacred womanhood! Truly, the family may have had all it can stand ere this war is over!

And Russia! A group of uncivil-appearing Russian Government officials is before you, their faces all hidden in the traditional shaggy beard, which, until recently, antiquated Russian despotism would allow men to remove only under penalty of imprisonment or even death. You think of that nation's vicious atrocities and ask yourself, "Are those men sane?" Yes, they are sane—clothed and in their right minds. So is the cannibal chief in Africa sane, probably not so well clothed; but if you

approach too near his majesty, you may have the pleasure of comprising his dinner.

We confine the insane. What shall we do with the cruel and superstitious, whether it be a cannibal chief or Russian Government?

O Gracious Czar! you who maintain for your best citizens a beautiful health resort, a land of balsam breezes, soothingly warmth, and plenty—Siberia! you who hand out sharpnel gratis to the famishing multitude that gathers at your palace door! what reward has war for you? Will your tender paternal policy receive a new lease on life!

O Russia! you who have made the Jews so blissfully happy in your midst! you who have amused that people by plundering their homes and murdering in the cold blood their wives and children! what boon has war for you?

It is the hope of Christian optimism that God, though He may justly have afflicted, will arise with healing in His wings, and that when the Sun of Peace bursts through the parting clouds of this awful storm, the remnants of the people will arise from the gore and dust of war prepared in heart for a new and better life.

BY MRS. ALMA WHITE

Looking Back from Beulah.

Life of the Author. Nothing like it. Deeply interesting. Thousands have been comforted and strengthened by reading it, and inspired to holier living. 350 pages. Price $1.00, postpaid.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

This book is a great revelation to its readers. One is awed and amazed at the hand of God laid in judgment upon the communities and individuals mentioned in this volume. Price $1.00, postpaid.

The Chosen People.

Treats on the restoration of the Jew. The Jews are again to possess Palestine, their rightful inheritance. The two works of grace—Justification and sanctification are set forth in a clear and comprehensive manner. Price 75c, postpaid.

The New Testament Church Vols. I&II.

These two volumes give you the clear light as to what constitutes the true Church. Treats on the vital doctrines of the New Testament. Price 50c each, postpaid.

PILLAR OF FIRE

1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

BY MRS. ALMA WHITE

Why I Do Not Eat Meat.

This book shows clearly the benefits of a fleshless diet. Discusses the subject from the standpoint of hygienics and religion. Points out the shining pathway to health and happiness. Original drawings. Price 50c, postpaid.

The Titanic Tragedy.

Contains a message to the nations—especially Great Britain. Prophecies concerning the great European War. Highly interesting and illustrated with many half-tone engravings. Price 45c, postpaid.

Golden Sunbeams.

A marvelous book for young people. Its cheerful chapters are great character builders. Contains 110 illustrations. Price 70c, postpaid.

The Harp of Gold.

This book has an important place in the Gospel of song. For use in the Church, Sunday-school, Prayer-meeting and Camp-meeting, etc. The songs are convincing, comforting, soul stirring and inspiring. Price, Bristol, 20c; Cloth 30c, postpaid.

PILLAR OF FIRE

1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

BY REV. C. W. BRIDWELL

....A NEW BOOK....

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

A CRISIS IN THE WORLD

Deals with the Last Days

Discusses the War in the Light of Prophecy

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS ARE:

The Promise of His Coming—Nebuchadnezzar's Dream of History—As it Was in the Days of Lot—The Scarlet Woman—The Judgments—The Great Tribulation—The Different Resurrections—Contending for the Faith—The Future State, Etc., Etc.

Price $1.00 **Postpaid**

PILLAR OF FIRE

1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Pillar of Fire Publications

PILLAR OF FIRE.

A sixteen-page journal devoted to the Christian life. The very best religious paper for earnest Christians; deeply spiritual. Shows the way of salvation to those who are seeking. 16 pages, weekly. $1.00 a year.

THE GOOD CITIZEN.

Devoted to the political, social and religious life of the nations. Fresh and vigorous. Contains the truth concerning the vital issues of the day. 16 pages, 52 issues $1.00.

PILLAR OF FIRE JUNIOR.

This paper is devoted to the interests of children and youth. It contains nothing but what is helpful. Sunday-school notes in simple language. 8 page weekly. 50c a year.

THE METROPOLITAN.

A practical religious journal. It exposes sham and stands for the highest ideals in social, political and religious life. It is the official organ of the Pillar of Fire movement in the Rocky Mountain region. 75c a year. 1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

LONDON PILLAR OF FIRE.

A full salvation monthly. Gives interesting accounts of the Pillar of Fire work abroad. The articles touch every phase of the Christian life. 75c a year. Order through this office. The Metropolitan, 1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

THE BRITISH SENTINEL.

Exposes the dangers which threaten that nation. Deals with corrupt politics, the White Slave traffic and the liquor traffic. 75c a year. Order through this office. The Metropolitan, 1845 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

BIBLE AND MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL

PREPARATORY AND
MISSIONARY COURSES

1845 CHAMPA ST.

MRS. ALMA WHITE, A. B.
Founder and General Superintendent.
Rev. C. W. BRIDWELL, M. A.
District Superintendent.

An Institution for the Training of

PREACHERS
MISSIONARIES
EVANGELISTS

——PILLAR OF FIRE——

Denver, -::- Colo.

DATE DUE

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
3 4320 00142 4805

252.0994 W587k
White, Ray Bridwell.
The King s message

Western Hills Church of Christ
5064 SIDNEY ROAD AT COVEDALE AVE.
CINCINNATI 38, OHIO